

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

JULY 1954

20 CENTS

Chatelaine



TOBY ROBINS AT STRATFORD
IN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

**Follow CLAIRE WALLACE
Around the World**

**How to Cook
in your own Back Yard**

**Don't let your Husband
Teach you to Drive**



Where'd they all go? Even without free-handed little girls like this, more families ran out of Kellogg's Corn Flakes this morning than any other cereal. This is happening all the time. That's because Kellogg's Corn Flakes just naturally taste better to more people. Always have. Still do. No wonder so many women pick up a spare package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes every time they buy any cereal of any kind.

FRESH FROM

Kellogg's

OF CANADA



Claire loved Cairo and the Nile by moonlight. Next month, from Baghdad to Bangkok.

Claire Wallace takes you to Istanbul, Athens . . . Cairo

TURKEY introduced us to the East. Here we grew used to customs officials searching our luggage for cocaine and gold . . . but we couldn't get used to the highly perfumed men, constantly hauling out bottles of strongly scented cologne to douse their hands, faces and hair. Men and women speak and laugh softly in Turkey but when they sing it's cacophony. Foreign customs can be startling we found when we had a jug of water tossed after us for good luck on our departure. And Turkish nanny goats do wear brassieres! It's to thwart their kids and preserve the farmer's valuable milk supply.

The Evil Eye Protects Us

ISTANBUL: We provided ourselves with the turquoise-blue bead and the dark blue one, called the Evil Eye, supposed to ward off unpleasant happenings and which every Turk carries. Then we set out to investigate this ancient city uniquely situated on two continents, Europe and Asia, and on the Bosphorus between two seas, the Marmara and the Black. We never tired of hearing the weird chant of the priests in the minarets calling the faithful to prayer five times daily. Turks are laughing, religious and clean people; cleanliness is next to Allah so they wash incessantly. Istanbul's taxis are wonderful, floored with fine Turkish rugs. City traffic is mercifully quiet—horn blowing is illegal. We couldn't take soup and cheese for breakfast, but we did like the rich nutty Turkish desserts.

Love Hits a Camel Hard

IZMIR: A bumpy flight over mountains brought us to this city (Smyrna in the Bible) which treated us to ten earthquakes the first night. A favorite sport is watching wrestling camels. Two male camels smitten on the same girl camel stage a wrestling match, locking necks, twisting and pulling until one is overthrown. The victor ambles off with his bride.

EPHESUS: We found what was left of our fifth World Wonder, the Temple of Diana, lying in a small village pond. We stood in the ruins of the open-air theatre where St. Paul preached Christianity to the pagans, and we traveled outside Ephesus to visit the tiny two-roomed mountain home (foundations are original) where, following Christ's crucifixion, the Virgin Mary lived and died.

BODROM: The trip south to Turkey's hinterland gave us our most uncomfortable travel to date—a long, harrowing mountain drive in a ramshackle car. The countryside is dotted with clumps of poplar trees because when a child is born, parents plant as many poplars as they can afford. As the child comes of age, the trees are cut—giving a boy money to start a business or marry, or giving a girl her dowry.

Octopus for Breakfast

GREECE: As usual on entry to all these countries, we had to register with the police but here they hospitably served us tea and lemon (*chai* and *citron* it is called). On the Island of Cos, where Hippocrates lived and taught, we had early morning breakfast in an open-air restaurant on the sea front but could hardly eat—the trees all around were hung with hundreds of slimy octopuses, put out to dry! Through the Dodecanese Islands we sailed to Rhodes to see the site of the famous Colossus, then on by boat to the Greek mainland, where we searched out another Wonder—the Temple of Zeus in Olympia—and underwent an earthquake worse than the first ten put together. While we cowered in our beds, people ran from the hotel, more than a hundred houses in a village nearby were destroyed, a woman was killed and several injured.

ATHENS: We liked the flower wreaths hung over front doors for the summer months, and admired the way of a Greek maid, who, as soon as she is engaged, plants a gold band on her man's left hand to denote he's taken, switching the ring to his right hand when they're married.

ALEXANDRIA: Apparently we don't look like dopes because Egyptian authorities waived the customary luggage search for hashish when we arrived from Greece by air. So strange to see Moslem men all ages going around in white nighties. Oh, yes, they call them *galabeah* and dress them up with a red girdle to match the *tarbush* (fez-shaped hat)—but it still looks like grandpa's nightgown. This was Ramadan time, the month when Moslems are forbidden to eat or drink from sunup to sundown. When the Ramadan gun goes off, they start to gorge, and eat nearly all night. This means that all day in any doorway, apartment hallway or street, you step over recumbent forms of those who just can't stay awake any longer. Our hotel room overlooked Corniche, the same esplanade Cleopatra rode in her chariot. Egyptian women wear lots of tattooing. A woman suffering migraine has two round spots tattooed on her temples, believing it has medicinal value. The family wash hangs out Alexandria's windows and on balconies in all its glory and intimacy. Some proud citizens are agitating to ban this. Glad we got pictures first.

Pyramids on Our Street

CAIRO: I always longed to see the much glorified sands of the desert—so we conveniently arrived during khamseen, fifty days of sandstorms, with sand filling the atmosphere, obscuring the sun, getting in our teeth, ears and eyes! The spring temperature is a hundred and you can buy one dozen carnations for one cent. A magician, called a *gali-gali* man, and a belly-dancer (now termed ballet dancer!) are favorite entertainment with us. If a Cairo motorist commits a traffic offense, nothing happens—no ticket, no fine. That is, not until the end of year when he goes to renew his license and finds all his mistakes totaled up. He pays—and it may be a hefty amount—or no car license. Here we have watched the moon come up over the Nile and have fallen in love with Cairo, the metropolis of the Middle East. Surprisingly, the Pyramids are not off in the desert but are right at the end of the street. The city has grown out to them. If Lillian loses me here, she finds me standing spellbound between the big paws of the Sphinx, staring up at that remarkable face. See you in Baghdad!

—CLAIRE WALLACE

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Your dentist knows that the major cause of cavities is a kind of chain reaction. You and your children are probably eating several times a day. When you eat, bacteria produce enzymes that attack sugars and starches and form the acids that can cause decay.



Now, after years of careful research, all day protection is available to you—in the brand new Listerine ANTIZYME Tooth Paste. ANTIZYME breaks the decay acid chain! ANTIZYME Tooth Paste actually stops the enzymes that produce acids and decay.



(Made in Canada)

In scientific tests people who used other types of tooth paste developed dangerous decay acid within a half hour after brushing. In similar tests, 9 out of every 10 people using new ANTIZYME showed no harmful decay acids from 12 to 24 hours after brushing. Just morning and night brushing provides round-the-clock protection.



Vol. 27 No. 7

The lovely Canadian actress, Toby Robins, now appearing as Mariana in *Measure for Measure* at the Stratford Festival, shares her beauty secrets on page 14. Photo by Paul Rockett.

Chatelaine

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Reader Takes Over

Compliments on Frank Speaking

MY COMPLIMENTS on publishing in your May issue the article, A Minister's Frank Talk to Brides and Grooms, by Rev. E. S. Lautenslager—it is one of the nicest and most wholesome that I have seen in many a long day. I have sent off a copy to my daughter in England who is to be married and hope to bring the article to the attention of the Young Wives Group of the Mothers' Union in at least one parish.—Mrs. L. A. Speed, St. Vital, Man.

... In my opinion your article is most commendable. It should be made available to ministers, teachers, social workers and the like for easy distribution. Articles such as this one are of strategic value in these days of instability in home life.—Rev. Gordon C. Hunter, Ashbury and West United Church, Toronto.

... I am very honored that you spoke of my work in your article. I am sure you realize that such work is extremely gratifying and, in my opinion, it is the very core of the Christian ministry.—Arthur D. Leaker, M.A., Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa.

Subtle Side of London

I was very impressed with your article in April Chatelaine on the Women of London. Most of all, I think, the photographs deserve particular mention—all were very striking and projected to a marked degree the personality of each subject.

London is, to a very great extent, an anarchy of several socially prominent and economically powerful families. However, and I think this was very subtly dealt with in the article, it is becoming more democratic, with a greater mingling of all classes. I am looking forward to seeing more articles of a similar nature in Chatelaine.—Miss Nora M. Southern, St. Thomas, Ont.

Not a Real Marriage?

I am much surprised at the article entitled My Second Marriage (April). A second marriage is not unusual. That it should be a happy one is also not unusual. Recently an aunt of my mother died having been thrice widowed. However, I am greatly astonished that you publish the story of someone who was not really married at all a second time.

For Jew (Christ was addressing Jews when he defined this matter) and Christian there can be no second marriage while man and wife are both alive even if they are separated. The Bible is plain—such action is adultery not marriage. Maybe you do not share the opinions of your writers. Nevertheless by publishing such views you are giving them tacit approval thereby undermining the very foundation of marriage: indissolubility.—Mrs. Yvonne Vandenbergel, Montreal.

Poetry Gets Sandwiched

It was startling to find so thoughtful and important a poem as We, by Edna C. Hanson (May), sandwiched in between Heintz food for infants and Playtex baby pants, but I do congratulate you on having published it.—Helen Ball, Toronto.

Menus are a Boon

I must congratulate you on your May issue of Chatelaine which is one of the best I have seen, and I especially like the new setup of the daily menus page—and do hope that you will not discontinue this valuable feature. It is such a boon for a housewife especially these days—to be able to get an idea for the next day's or week's meals.

I think the cover on the May issue is the nicest one I have seen for a long time.—Grace E. DeJong, Montreal.

Excellent for Teen-Agers

Have been reading The Questions Teen-Agers Ask About Etiquette by Claire Wallace (May), and I think it's an excellent article.—Mrs. Cecil Cronk, Deloraine, Man.

Architects Aren't Crazy

Enjoyed reading your article How Women Drive Architects Crazy (May). The house plan is wonderful.—Mrs. Clarke, Cranbrook, B.C.

Needlecraft Comes First

I always look in the needlecraft section first, every month. Let's have more of these wonderful ideas.—Mrs. Brounell Atwood, Hamilton, Bermuda.

... I also wish to express my appreciation for the various lovely patterns you have published. —Mrs. Murray O. Smith, Pugeash, N.S.

... Thank you for the interesting patterns.—Mrs. W. H. Cound, Winnipeg.

... I look forward to my Chatelaine every month, especially for your new ideas.—Margaret Griffin, Antigonish, N.S.

Want to Write to England?

I am taking the liberty of writing to you and hope you will take my letter in consideration. I should like a person of about my own age, that is, between twenty-five and thirty, who would be interested in literature, art in general, history, theatre, travels, fashions, sewing, cooking, and classical music and maybe a few other things. If she has some knowledge of French all the better, being French myself by birth. My desire for having a Canadian correspondent is mainly because I am very interested in the country and the people of Canada.—Jeannette Urgis, 12 King's Road, Bebington, Cheshire, England. +

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Peter Croydon (page 1, 18, 52), John Sebert—Rockett Studios (4, 5, 40), Ed Hausman (6), Paul Rockett (6, 14, 15, 19, 20, 22, 23), Jack V. Long (9), Karsh (10), Wheeler (11), Miller Services (42).



Are you the master of your car?

MOTORING is a favorite pastime ... especially during summer when the countryside is so inviting. However, since traffic is heaviest during summertime, long vacation trips ... or short week-end drives ... can be hazardous.

Safety authorities say that motoring can be safer and more pleasant and relaxing if all drivers learn to keep their cars under control in varying road, weather and traffic conditions.

No driver should ever "take the wheel" when preoccupied, confused or fatigued. When perception is dimmed, no one can be sure he can control his car. If you are planning a long vacation tour, it is wise to keep the following facts in mind for your own safety and that of others.

The majority of accidents due to fatigue occur after long periods of driving. If long distances must be traveled in a day's time, pace yourself to avoid getting tired. If you do feel tired, pull off the road and take a short nap.

The competent driver always

keeps control of his car by traveling at safe speeds. The rate of speed is still the greatest single factor in automobile accidents. If existing speed laws in every province were rigidly observed and enforced, hundreds of lives could be saved every year.

For safer summer driving, here are other precautions to take:

1. Follow other cars at a safe distance. This distance, of course, should be increased at night or when the weather is bad.

2. Always be alert for what other drivers may do, and try to anticipate their possible mistakes.

3. Keep a sharp lookout for pedestrians, especially at night and when passing through congested areas.

4. Have your car regularly and thoroughly checked by a competent mechanic, especially before taking a long trip.

If you are a relaxed and alert driver, and observe all traffic and safety regulations, summer motoring can be fun.

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Please send me the free booklet, 74-L, "How's your driving?"

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From One Cook to Another



by
Mary Blake

Carnation Home
Service Director



TROPICAL TREATS FOR "UP-NORTH" MEALS

THERE'S SOMETHING VERY GLAMOROUS about Southern cooking, isn't there? Just tell the family that there's Southern-Fried Chicken for Sunday dinner . . . and see if you can keep them from haunting the kitchen! Promise a Hawaiian or South American dish — and excitement runs high. That's why I occasionally like to give you recipes with a southern accent. Such recipes as my Hawaiian Custard Pie, for instance — Hawaiian, because you spread it with crushed pineapple at serving time. As for the filling itself — well, it's smooth as satin, and rich-tasting beyond describing . . . because it's made with Carnation Evaporated Milk. You'll be amazed at the wonderful things that double-rich, heat-refined Carnation does for custards. Gives them the wonderful consistency and rich flavor you'd expect if you made them with cream.

HAWAIIAN CUSTARD PIE

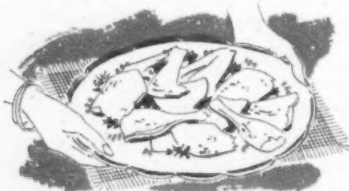
(Makes a 9-inch pie)

- 4 eggs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 large can undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
- 1 cup water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- Unbaked 9-inch pie shell
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained



Combine first six ingredients; beat with rotary beater until smoothly blended. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (425 deg. F.). Lower to moderate (350 deg. F.); bake until set so that a knife inserted in the centre comes out clean (about 30 minutes longer). Cool. Just before serving, spread with the well drained pineapple.

WHEN I MENTIONED Southern-Fried Chicken, of course I was leading up to telling you about my favorite way of preparing it. My recipe calls for green onions and pimiento, for a "fiesta" air — these you can omit. If you like delicious golden crust on your chicken . . . and gravy that's silky-smooth and rich flavored and delightfully creamy colored, one thing is a "must". That's the Carnation Milk that's used to dip the chicken pieces, and the Carnation that's used in the gravy.



Here's my recipe for

SOUTHERN-FRIED CHICKEN

(Makes 4 servings)

Cut a frying chicken in serving pieces. Dip in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk, then in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seasoned cornmeal. Brown in frying pan in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening. Top with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (each) chopped green onions and pimiento. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes, until chicken is tender. Remove to hot platter.

CREAM GRAVY

- 3 tbsps. chicken drippings
- 3 tbsps. seasoned flour
- 1 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
- 1 cup water

Blend chicken drippings and flour over low heat. Mix Carnation and water and stir slowly into flour mixture. Stir and cook until mixture reaches the boil.



LISTEN to the delightful Saturday radio show, "Stars Over Hollywood". A complete half-hour play every week — featuring in person top dramatic stars of screen and radio. See your newspaper for time and station.

FREE . . . my NEW booklet, "Desserts — Plain and Fancy". Lots of delicious desserts you'll love. Write for your free copy to Dept. 25, Carnation Company Limited, at Toronto or Vancouver or St. John's, Newfoundland.

IF YOU APPRECIATE CONVENIENCE in the kitchen, Carnation Evaporated Milk is the milk for you. No other form of milk is so widely useful. No other milk gives such deliciously rich color and consistency, and such wonderful, wonderful flavor, to foods. Carnation is concentrated to double-richness — and it's specially heat-refined. You can mix undiluted Carnation with an equal amount of water for drinking, or for almost every recipe that calls for milk. Carnation is heavy enough to whip. So you can use it undiluted in coffee . . . on cereals and fruits and desserts . . . in cream recipes. Try Carnation in your kitchen. You'll be delighted with the results. You'll save money, too!

For more tempting color, for more delicious flavor, for economy, "cream" your coffee with undiluted Carnation Milk. Millions of critical coffee lovers do. They prefer Carnation to any other brand of evaporated milk — even prefer it to cream in coffee. Discover for yourself why people the world over, say — "Coffee tastes better with Carnation".



"from Contented Cows"

THONG SANDALS YOU

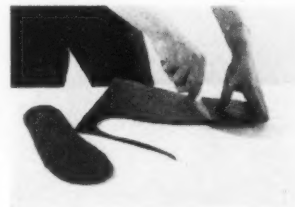
Take the pinch out of your summer shoe budget by making

EVEN IF you're a complete novice at leatherwork, you can make yourself a pair of sandals like the Greeks wore with solid leather soles and barefoot tops—for less than four dollars. All you need is a piece of medium-weight sole leather large enough to cut out four soles (this will cost around two dollars), leather thonging for about seventy-five cents, a skiving knife to cut out the soles for about sixty-five cents, a tube of leather cement, tacks and a hammer. If you want to be really

1
MAKE a sole pattern of your foot by placing it on a piece of paper and tracing a line around it. When you have finished the outline, perfect it by rounding and smoothing the curves and then add a one-quarter-inch margin around it which you will use as a cutting line.



2
TRACE the sole pattern on your leather. As two thicknesses are needed for each sandal, do this twice then turn the pattern over to get the outline for the opposite foot and trace it twice more. Now cut out your four soles with your skiving knife. Tin snips could also be used for this job.



3
SHAPE the arches by first soaking the soles in water for five to ten minutes. Then place the foot on them and press them firmly up in the shape of your arch. Let the soles dry overnight.



4
DETERMINE where the hole for the thong is to go in upper sole halves by marking between the big and second toe with a pencil. You can use your skiving knife or a leather punch to make this hole.



5
ATTACH the loops, which are made from a piece of your thong laces, to the bottom half of your soles with tacks. Attach the ends of the thong laces to the bottom halves of both soles just under the spot where the hole will come. Then pull the free ends of the thong laces through the hole in the upper half of your soles.



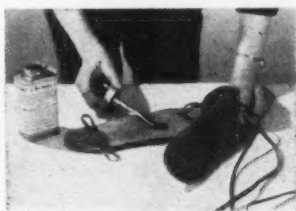
CAN MAKE YOURSELF

this pair of thong sandals, individually shaped to your foot

professional you can add a leather file to smooth down the edges (which will cost you around \$1.50, but a medium-coarse carpenter's file will do the job), a shoemaker's last and anvil (but a piece of iron can be used instead), and leather dressing (neutral polish will do as well). You can buy all these materials at any leather findings supply house. Look one up in the yellow pages of your telephone directory or ask your shoe repairman to suggest one. Then follow steps 1 to 9 illustrated below.

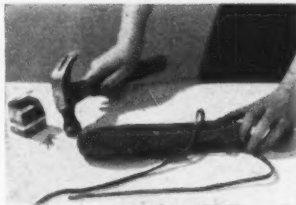
6

APPLY a thin coat of leather cement to both the upper and lower surfaces of the soles which will be cemented together. Let dry several hours. Apply another coat and allow it to become tacky. Then press the two halves firmly together.



7

GIVE your soles double strength by tacking $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. tacks around the edge, especially at the toe, heel and around the arch. Do your tacking on a shoemaker's last or on any other piece of flat iron.



8

FINISH the edge by skiving off any uneven edges and then filing the edge smooth with your leather file or an ordinary carpenter's file. Burnish the edge with a couple of coats of neutral leather polish or wax paste.



9

KNOT your thong laces and thread them through the loops, cross them at the back of the heel and tie them at the side. For extra wear you can attach metal taps at heel and toe where the soles get the most hard use. +



Hardworking Mrs. Marilyn Bridgman of Watermill, New York has discovered that only Jergens Lotion gives her hands the care they need. She says:

"I scour 4500 pots and pans a year...but I avoid detergent hands with Jergens Lotion!"



Detergents are wonderful—but they could have ruined Marilyn's pretty hands. Yet her hands are soft and lovely still. Why?



Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously improved for fifty years to help heal chapped red hands instantly!



No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper. Lovelier hands at once! Jergens never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).



Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. Yet, you pay less for Jergens, the world's favorite hand care. (Made in Canada)

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands



How to Tan as you please...

and avoid Painful Sunburn!

ARDENA SUSTAN OIL . . . helps keep your skin soft and smooth while tanning. Not the least bit sticky. Two shades — cafe and honey. \$1.35 and \$1.90.

ARDENA SUN PRUF CREAM . . . for those who prefer a light fluffy vanishing cream. Keeps you from burning while you bask. Ideal to use under your powder—or without any powder at all! Tube, \$1.65.

ARDENA SUN PRUF LOTION . . . forms a delightful, cooling, protective screen against the sun's burning rays. Immediately absorbed by the skin, it is non-sticky, non-oily . . . stays on even in salt water, to promote a smooth golden tan. \$1.50.

ARDENA EIGHT HOUR CREAM . . . works wonders to soothe skin and lips after unwise exposure . . . and to restore brittle, sun-dried hair and scalp. \$1.65, \$2.75.

SLEEK . . . to keep your legs flawlessly smooth. Fragrant Sleek is the one depilatory that's as soft on your skin as sweet-scented cream. And is so safe, fast and effective to use. Tube, \$1.65.

BLUE GRASS DEODORANT . . . is one of the world's great fragrances to keep you discreetly fastidious. So safe . . . so effective . . . so feminine. Blue Grass Spray Deodorant \$1.25 . . . Blue Grass Cream Deodorant \$1.50.

Elizabeth Arden

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TRAVEL

Memo from Rosemary



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME IN YOUR VACATION LUGGAGE

Today you can live almost as luxuriously out of a suitcase as you can in your own home.

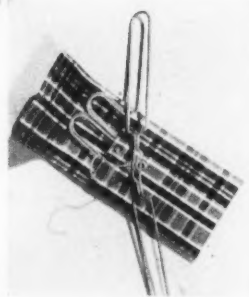
You can buy everything from pint-sized laundry kits to shoe-shine stands that take up less room in a suitcase than a pair of slippers. There are versatile vacation fashions that cut down on the number of garments you have to take with you. And you won't have to leave that wide ruffled petticoat behind because it would take up too much room in your bag—the newest crinolines are made from uncrushable nylon paper taffeta and telescope into a cone shape in their own matching nylon cases. Luggage is lighter, cosmetics can be bought in spill-proof containers, there are hats that convert into beach bags, and they're even making lightweight gold costume jewelry that won't tarnish if you want to keep it on while you swim or laze on the beach.

Some of the latest space-saving gadgets and fashions are shown and described below:



Traveling hand laundry . . . Put soiled, wet clothes in plastic zip case with pockets for soap and hang-up pins.

Three full-size hangers . . . in this attractive, compact traveling case. Fits easily in overnight or tote bag.



Two for your money . . . in this straw sun hat. Add a draw-string, pin on a flower cluster—and it's a beach bag.



The Chevrolet "Two-Ten" 4-Door Sedan. With three great series, Chevrolet offers the most beautiful choice of models in its field.

DO YOU TAKE THIS CAR—FOR YOUR VERY OWN? *I DO! I DO! I DO!*

THAT'S WHAT WOMEN ARE SAYING about the new Chevrolet because it gives them what they would expect to find only in higher priced cars—things like Body by Fisher, Power Steering and, most of all, wonderful Powerglide automatic transmission.

This different automatic transmission offers special advantages worth a lot of attention when you're thinking about buying a new car.

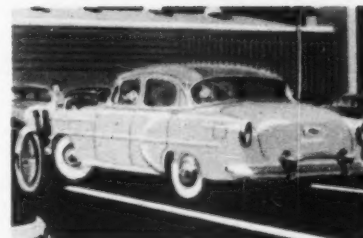
YOU'LL NOTICE THIS DIFFERENCE the minute you start. Nudge the accelerator and you're away! Powerglide's automatic starting and passing range moves you out ahead instantly, positively, and swiftly. Powerglide performance is as smooth as satin all the way.

YOU'LL NOTICE THIS DIFFERENCE over all the miles you drive. Powerglide is as thrifty as it is zippy! This economy comes from Powerglide's own perfected de-

sign and from the special "Blue-Flame 125" engine with the highest compression ratio in any leading low-priced car. It delivers more power and finer performance on less gas.

DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL, driving is easier and more convenient. You start the engine, for example, in "Park" as well as "Neutral"—a handy advantage when you're parked on a hill. Then "Low" and "Reverse" are side by side on the control quadrant for easier rocking out of sand, mud or snow.

Your Chevrolet dealer will be glad to have you drive a Powerglide Chevrolet any time you like. (It's optional on all models at extra cost.) And while you're at it, you'll discover that Chevrolet offers you a good many more exclusive advantages. One of them is the fact of Chevrolet's low, low price! Drop in soon.



ALL THE AUTOMATIC POWER FEATURES YOU WANT—Power Steering (now at a new low price!), Power Brakes (available on Powerglide models) and Automatic Front Window and Seat Controls (on Bel Air and "Two-Ten" models) can all be yours as extra-cost options in addition to Powerglide. And isn't it a sure sign of advanced Chevrolet engineering that this is the first low-priced car to offer all these new features and conveniences!

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!



... Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me:
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright
A well of love, a spring of light.

COLERIDGE



YARDLEY ENGLISH LAVENDER—
truly the fragrance of youth.
So gay and refreshing . . .
it is forever the favourite
of the young in heart.

YARDLEY

a language of loveliness

Fragrances
Aids to Beauty
Bath Luxuries



By BILL McKINLEY
as told to
NAOMI LANG

BILL McKINLEY, OF VANCOUVER, WHO'S TAUGHT 17,000 WOMEN TO DRIVE, SAYS THEY MAINLY LEARN FASTER THAN MEN AND END UP BEING BETTER DRIVERS.

DON'T LET YOUR HUSBAND TEACH YOU TO DRIVE

IT'S EASY to teach a woman to drive—as long as you're not married to her.

Out of the seventeen thousand women who have graduated from my driving school, I've only had one real failure. She was a Mrs. Bill McKinley, of Vancouver.

Let me say right now that I think women drivers are wonderful but I understand the jaundiced look that comes into men's faces if you mention cars and women in the same breath. Most of them are soured on women drivers because at some time or other they've made abortive attempts to teach their wives to drive. For some reason it just never works. The wives are too nervous, the husbands too irritable. We say: "It's cheaper to send your wife to McKinley Driving Schools than to get a divorce."

Take my wife for instance. She's an excellent driver now but I couldn't teach her. Dumb? Oh brother! Exasperating? Well I tell you I've never seen anything like it. After the third lesson I was shouting like a drill sergeant. After the fourth we weren't speaking at all. Just about that time one of my instructors was trying to teach his wife and he wasn't getting

anywhere either. We traded students and in only a few hours both girls had grasped the fundamentals.

Fuming husbands are actually a big help in our business. Half our students are housewives and they're always the easiest to teach, chiefly, I think, because someone has usually given them up as a bad job before they start their lessons. They're so determined to show that so-and-so that they hang on every word, obey every instruction to the letter.

Housewives, hula dancers or high-school students, women take to driving like birds to the air. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they learn faster than men and when they're through they are more careful drivers. American Automobile Association statistics show that women have only 1.7 accidents per million miles driven, while men have 2.8. And a Philadelphia survey emphasizes that women have less serious accidents. Theirs cost \$2.68 per thousand miles driven as against \$5.77 for men.

The best women drivers are supposed to be in the age group from 41 to 53 but you won't catch me sticking my neck out on that one.

My driving *Continued on page 31*

... because he'll probably fuss

and fume so much



you will stall the car and

even strip



the gears

and never become the good

driver you can be





HUGH MacLENNAN asks

Is there any w

WHEN THE H-BOMB CAME

We entered the Hydrogen Age on March 1 with a salute from a bomb so big that it could, in Hydrogen Age language, "take out" any city in the world. One exploded by the U. S. *did* gouge out an entire Pacific island by the roots. Listeners to the echoes of that epochal bang were told that in one instant almost three times as much destruction had been released than all the allied bombers spilled on Europe in four years of fighting. The hydrogen bomb was about a thousand times as powerful as the atomic device but unlike atomic energy would probably never be any good for anything but destruction. They were told that even bigger H-bombs were possible but the listeners seemed slow to comprehend fully all this, even after watching movies of the familiar mushroom once more unfolding its fearful canopy. The idea of this bomb was perhaps too big to fit into the mind of man where it came from. Some people shook their heads and went back to reading seed catalogues which this spring were never lovelier, never richer with bright promise. Civil-defense authorities, who back in the atomic age had advised school children to crouch behind their desks, admitted there might be no place to crouch from this bomb. Even with the warning Canadians could expect of an air attack, the only civil defense would be flight. So, survival ceases to be a technical problem and emerges clearly as the moral and spiritual one it was all the time. In the adjoining columns a thoughtful Canadian writer looks deep into the fiery new crucible of our times.

—THE EDITORS.

y way out of this Jungle?



WHENEVER I try to think about what the hydrogen bomb means to the world, my mind constantly returns to a story told me by a zoologist about an expedition into the jungle of Mato Grosso in Brazil. For three days the primitive native bearers did their work smoothly and well. On the fourth day they showed signs of anxiety and no longer talked or sang among themselves. On the fifth day they lay down in silence and refused to move. When the leader of the expedition asked them why they would not move, they answered, "We have marched so far ahead that we have left our souls behind us. Now we must wait for our souls to catch up."

Since the days of Sir Isaac Newton, that is what civilized man has been doing. Led by physicists and chemists, urged on by his own hope to better his material condition, he has been marching steadily forward toward the secret of the power of the sun and of the universe itself, while his soul has lingered behind. Now he is in such grave trouble that not even the wisest man alive can fathom its depths.

The religious element of man's soul is expressed by ideas that have advanced no further than those of the Reformation and in some cases have died out entirely. Man's conception of politics, even on its highest level, has advanced hardly an inch beyond the democratic ideas that were reborn in the eighteenth century. His economic notions are still tied to the machine. Whether communist, capitalist or socialist, modern man is a total materialist when he tries to think economically.

Meanwhile science has led him into an environment that the formulators of his spiritual, political and economic thinking never dreamed of. Neither Luther nor Loyola, Locke nor Jefferson, Adam Smith nor Karl Marx ever imagined a world in which human beings would be able to unleash upon one another the power of the sun.

If any proof were needed that we have advanced ahead of our souls, a brief glance at the history of the present century should provide it. No period has ever produced so many prophets or idealists. Never before have there been more men of genuine good will. Yet decade by decade, year by year, we have come more and more to resemble those Brazilian primitives. But there was one advantage they had over us. They stopped and we didn't.

Unless we can stop our scientific advance, or unless by some miracle our souls leap forward to accompany our bodies, it is idle for anyone to pretend that we can accommodate ourselves to live not only with the H-bomb but with science itself. The very men who made the H-bomb possible admit this. That was why Einstein and Oppenheimer implored the government of the United States to call off the whole H-bomb project.

But the government of the United States, like that of Russia and of every other country on earth, was just like the rest of us in at least one respect. Its thinking processes—its soul, if you will—were still fettered by ideas which had been formulated while science was in its swaddling clothes. So the American government took a long look at Russia and came to the understandable conclusion that if the body of Russia kept advancing into the jungle, the body of the United States must do the same. It justified its decision by the customary political slogans, just as the

Russians justify their decisions by their own familiar counterslogans.

Is there any way out of this jungle into which science has led us?

I don't know. Nobody does. But I do know that so long as we continue to think in terms of outmoded slogans there is no hope at all. The time may easily come when a lobby approaches a Western government with the information that scientists have now discovered a way to disintegrate the globe, and that if we don't do it first, the other side will beat us to it.

To me, a middle-aged man who has the good fortune to work with a number of young people, it is evident that youth is thinking far more clearly than are most men of my age. Clearly and humbly. Most of the young people I know have no illusions, as most of their elders do, about the value of our so-called progress. Though they may use other words for it, they take it for granted that we have left our souls behind.

If there is one point in which the best of today's college students agree, it is this: that we will never find our way out of the jungle so long as we continue to think in slogans and the clichés of the propagandist. Man's spirit may be a constant, it may be God's child. But the only way in which one spirit can communicate with another, unless both are mediums, is through the use of words. And young people understand better than their elders the degree to which we have debauched the meanings of the words we use from day to day.

"Twenty-five hundred years ago," wrote a McGill student recently in his college magazine, "Confucius observed that disintegration of morals is involved with disintegration of language. Today once more the word is debased. Again mankind faces if not a dying civilization, at least one that is critically ill . . . Communication must begin with the word. Love, truth and justice have always been difficult counters to define and explain, and perhaps they are relative concepts in any case. But in a society where Midas has replaced the Messiah, commercial television the Gospel, and myriad salesmen have usurped the apostolate, these abstractions have become meaningless. Like the ambiguous concepts, democracy, fascism and communism, they have become full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

At the moment it is in the name of these very concepts, once full of meaning but now so debased by propaganda that nobody understands them any more, that nations are snarling at each other with H-bombs stockpiled behind them.

Can it be possible that this young man has pointed to the *only* way out? Can it be possible that before we can make any plan that will work, or any agreement, we will have to rediscover the meaning of the words we use? For certain it is that our bodies are where science has led them, while our minds are centuries behind. Our bodies handle the power of the sun, our minds deal in ideas which were born in the fertile plains out of which science has transported us.

Scripture teaches, and this truth is eternal, that miracles can happen if a man has good will. The truth, it is said, will make you free. But truth, which once was called the Voice of God, never comes over a radio in the roar of a politician or a huckster. It comes in silence and it comes to the humble. Perhaps that was why those Brazilian primitives lay together on the ground without talking. +

Kit was such a pretty girl
of course her father
But Dora
if he'd



*and only seventeen...
would buy the new dress.
sometimes wondered
forgotten about*

THE OTHER WOMAN IN HIS LIFE

By ZOA SHERBURNE

Illustrated by Will Davies

IT STARTED OFF like any other quiet evening at home and Jim had no way of knowing that it would mark both an end and a beginning.

He settled down to his evening paper, pleasantly uncomfortable after a meal topped off by two wedges of his favorite pie. He could hear the murmur of conversation against the muted clatter of silver and dishes, and then the swift rush of Kit's feet as she ran to answer the telephone's summons.

When the dishes were finished Dora came in from the kitchen, massaging lotion into her hands. He didn't even glance up as she settled herself in the opposite chair, clicking on the radio and reaching for her knitting at the same time.

Music had just begun to trickle into the room when the hall door opened and Kit exploded into the room like a diminutive cyclone. Kit never merely entered a room, everything she did was touched with drama and excitement . . . or a chucklesome sweetness.

Now, she crossed the room swiftly and perched on the arm of his chair, her soft cheek confidently close to his own. "Hi, Daddy, I promised Mom not to bother you before you had your dinner but I've just got to talk to you . . ."

Jim smiled at her, noting for the ten-thousandth time the clear firm line of her cheek and throat, the dusky sweep of her lashes, the sweetness of her lips. He reached for his pipe but she was too quick for him. Jim watched her tamp tobacco into the bowl with careful deliberation; he grunted his thanks as she thrust the stem between his teeth and held the match until he got it to drawing.

"Now," he demanded after the first satisfying puff, "suppose you tell me what all this extra service is going to cost."

She grinned and wrinkled her nose at him and a dimple appeared briefly in one cheek. It was an enchanting dimple. Jim had first discovered it when Kit was three weeks old and he had immediately rushed out and bought her an expensive perambulator.

"It's about the Midsummer Formal," she confided. "It's going to be really swank, a big name orchestra and everything. Bill's taking me—that is he would take me, but honestly Dad I haven't a rag that's fit to wear."

Jim took another careful puff on his pipe. "Hey now, your mother holds the purse strings around here. Why put the bite on me?"

The grin was replaced by a pout. "Mom said I'd have to ask you. Didn't you, Mom?" *Continued on page 54*



*What was the matter
with Dora, he
thought, didn't she
want Kit to have
the good things?*



"MY SKIN IS DRY," says Toby, "so I use plenty of cleansing cream followed by skin freshener to get my face thoroughly cleansed."

TOBY USES SOFT TISSUES to wipe off excess cream. "Repeat until tissues come away clean, especially from stubborn spots at nose and mouth."



TO GIVE YOUR SKIN a bracing chaser, follow Toby's example: moisten a soft cotton pad in water squeezing it almost dry. Then saturate it once again—this time with chilled skin freshener. Pat it over the entire face.

TOBY ROBINS, a rising young Canadian actress who's

appearing with James Mason at Stratford, keeps her beauty fresh

each day with the nine simple steps she shows you here

AN ACTRESS TELLS HER BEAUTY





"A GIRL'S NEVER too young for a double chin," warns Toby. "and here's a way to prevent or get rid of one. Lather the area beneath your chin with cream and give it twenty brisk slaps with the back of your hand every night before bed."



"ONE HUNDRED STROKES with a stiff brush keep hair shiny and full of electric life."



"NECK AND VOCAL CHORDS need relaxing after a day of rehearsing and this back-stretch works best for me"

SECRETS

By ROSEMARY BOXER,
Fashion and Beauty Editor



Cover girl Toby poses beside Canadian sculptor Cleve Horne's bust of Shakespeare in Stratford.

PETITE twenty-three-year-old Toby Robins looks more like a schoolgirl than a veteran stage and television actress now playing her eighty-second role as Mariana with James Mason in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival.

It's more than eleven years since Toby made her first trembling appearances as an actress in plays produced by the Toronto Children Players. After that came bigger parts with various theatrical groups at the Royal Conservatory of Music. In 1943, during her last year at high school, she auditioned for Mrs. Dora Mavor Moore, founder and director of the New Play Society, and won her first professional role as Miranda in *The Tempest*.

At the University of Toronto, where she took arts, Toby divided her time between her studies, college dramatics and an increasing number of calls from stage and radio plays, including the Stage series directed by Andrew Allan.

Toby can't remember a time when she didn't want to be an actress although at school she was teased so much about her determination to go on the stage that she began, in self-defense, to tell people she had switched goals and was going to be a lawyer. At another time she had an idea she would like to take up the vague if impressive-sounding career of an intellectual. "I was forever falling madly in love with my college professors at this time," she recalls.

By the time Toby was eighteen and already winning recognition as an actress, a sideline as a model heightened her interest in the importance of her appearance. For the first time she came face to face with an actress' special beauty problems. In particular, she had to learn how to care for her skin, which inclines to dryness and reacts unfavorably to heavy stage

Continued on page 50



"TAKE an honest look into your mirror every morning after you've applied your make-up. Make sure you're looking your level best because a.m. light reveals nothing but the truth."



TOBY FINDS beauty in a small box—a completely outfitted travel case. "Wonderful in tiny dressing rooms or for women who travel."



"THE BEST BET for busy hands," advises Toby, "is clear polish and minute-manicures during relaxing periods."



All for the love of an artist

By HENRIETTA BRUCE SHARON

Illustrated by John McClelland

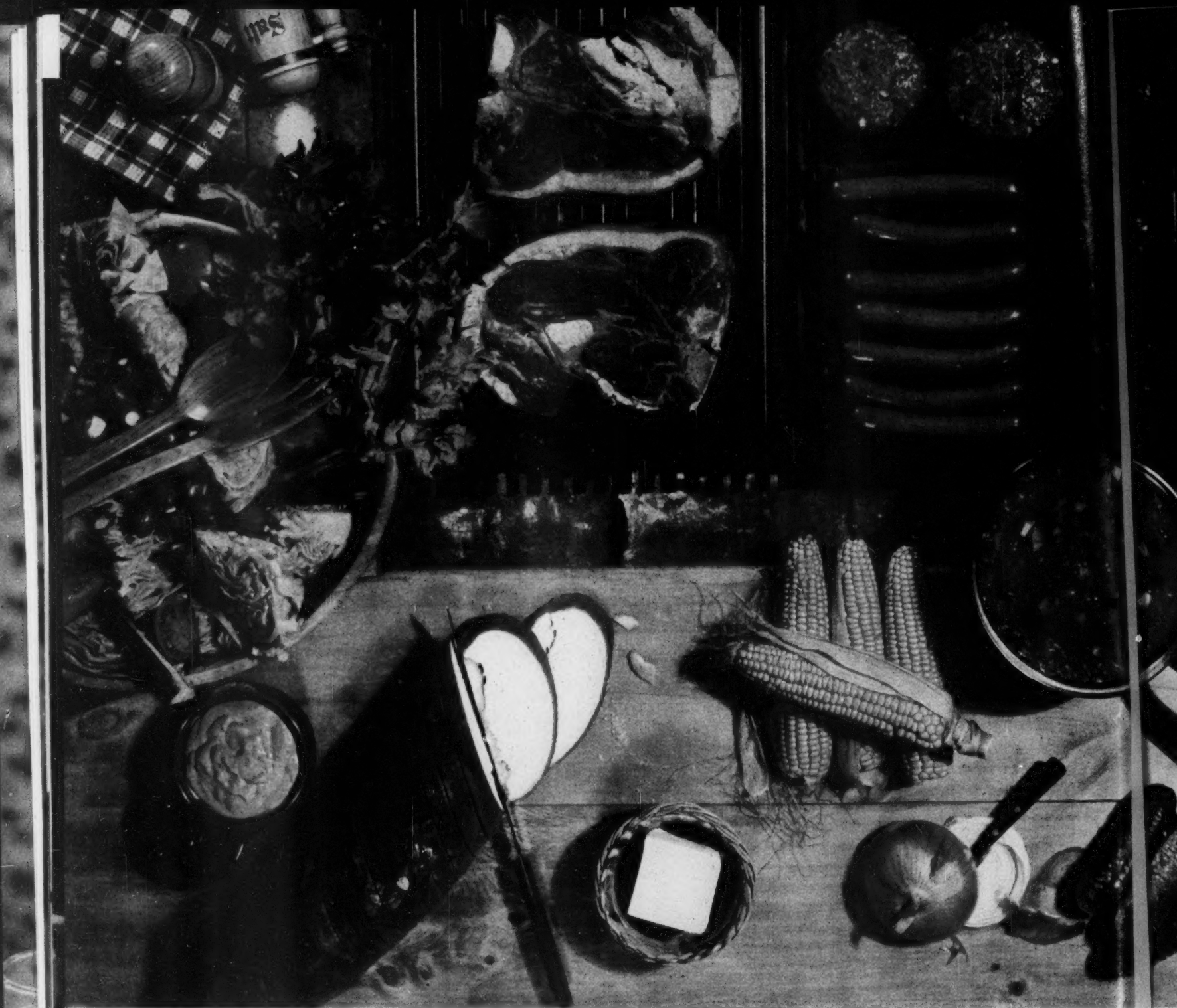
IT WAS FOUR O'CLOCK when they came out of the subway at Fifty-third Street and started up Fifth Avenue. The sky had been grey and sullen all day in their part of the world, but up here it appeared to Judy to be lighter, a hint of sunshine above the tall buildings striking a responsive glare from thick glass shop windows. Whatever the weather elsewhere in the big city, she thought, a kind of effulgent glow like the aftereffect of a cocktail seemed always to hover over this avenue of the rich in the richest city of the richest country in the world.

She and Leo didn't belong on the Avenue, never buying from it, or even window shopping, always hurrying along it, using it to get somewhere else. The somewhere else was Fifty-seventh Street and though, by rights, Leo belonged there, Fifty-seventh Street was as yet unaware of the fact.

Fifty-seventh Street was Leo's enemy. He hated it, the long arrogant stretch of asphalt with its double row of art galleries, the goal of every young American painter, around which the air is bluer with competition, heartaches and broken dreams than the air around Forty-second and Broadway. Leo was always ordering a bomb to *Continued on page 43*

She had done this foolish thing, only wanting to help him. Yet if he found out he might never forgive her





BROIL STEAKS, burgers, hot dogs or spare ribs in your own back yard and they'll taste even better than they look in Chatelaine Institute's tantalizing barbecue above. If you want to be technical, a barbecue means "a hog, ox or other large animal roasted or broiled whole for a feast," but your family and friends will call it a feast if you simply start with plenty of wieners or minced round steak. Add a bowlful of salad makings and trim to taste with a French loaf, rolls, pickles, potatoes to bake and fresh corn to roast. The highly seasoned sauce is what turns an outdoor meal into today's version of a barbecue and even reading the recipe for such a sauce (page 36) will make your mouth water—or inspire you to create a rare and exciting masterpiece of your own. If that fails to inspire you, the fresh air will. Here's your chance to play with herbs and garlic and fiery seasonings, to toss an unexpected nasturtium leaf in with the salad greens or spear the makings of succulent shashlik on a glittering sword (if there's an officer or a collector in the family) just as the Turks used to do around the campfire. Let's move the meals outside and really enjoy the summer.

OUTDOOR RECIPES ON PAGE 36

EAT OUT . . . IN YOUR

Delicious meals cooked and served straight off a grill

happy swing to the outdoor life the whole



BACK YARD

are only part of this summer's

family can have right at home

CHATELAIN—JULY, 1954

Look What's Happening to Living

By MARGARET NEWCOMBE

LET'S all go on a picnic," has been a rallying cry to the young in heart ever since our first ancestors were tossed out of the Garden of Eden. Nothing, apparently, added savor to a good meal, or spiced a poor one, like eating with a gale in your teeth, grit in the sandwiches, ants in the cake or smoke in your eyes. And perhaps that is where we are wiser than our forebears. Because today, in the age of hurtling automobiles, slow grinding traffic jams and fenced-in pastures, most of us have taken our picnics off the road and put them into our own back yards, complete with barbecue pits, hurricane candles and comfortable lounge seats.

We're planting wind screens, patio flags and gaily colored umbrellas to create small islands of peace and contentment within hand's reach, and the lovely charred smell of grilling steaks floats on the sweet summer air above our flower beds. The charm and informality of outdoor living is slowly winding its way into the parlor and the delicate tracery of wrought iron, the tropical atmosphere of reed, cane and cord, once relegated to the summer veranda, is pushing its way into our wintertime quarters.

Our parents and grandparents provided for this urge to live outdoors in the summer by building huge porches and oversized verandas that hugged three sides of the house. Can't you remember those cool, vine-hung caves where tea was served on a bamboo table spread with grandmother's best Irish linen cloth? The creaking porch glider with rusty springs, the wicker rocking chairs and the musty smell of the cushions all were a part of the picture.

But the demand for light and air inside the house, plus the desire for economy, shaved off most of the big porches and now we are trying to restore, somehow, our outdoor living rooms without the former disadvantages. Porch rooms screened on three sides from ceiling to floor, or built-in breezeways between house and garage are becoming more numerous and paved terraces or garden living areas are part of our new landscape planning. You don't need a five-acre estate to enjoy this kind of outdoor living, anything from an eight- by ten-foot back yard and on up will do.

Story and pictures continued on next page

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE won't mind cooking at all if it's outdoors over the portable grill.





YOUR BACK YARD island of peace and contentment brings dividends in happy relaxation. Lightweight aluminum chairs, with plastic webbing, and a huge colorful shade umbrella are simple ingredients for summertime fun.

as some of those small but charming patios that city dwellers have evolved in their crowded town quarters illustrate.

There's enough equipment available in the shops to keep the Hemingways on safari in Africa indefinitely and you can pick and choose just what you need for your own close-to-home holiday hours.

You'll find that grills, braziers, rotating spits come in a multitude of designs, simple or elaborate, permanent or portable. You can grill your steak in a bucket, if you like, or barbecue your Sunday roast on an electrically driven spit in a glass-domed oven rising like a bubble above a shining expanse of stainless steel.

Outdoor cooking is fun not only because it makes a good excuse for a party and because no child will be late for mealtimes, but because it gets father into the act, too. The man who wouldn't be found dead in a kitchen becomes a proud chef at the outdoor stove. You can build your own or take easy advantage of the many portable wheeled types that can go anywhere.

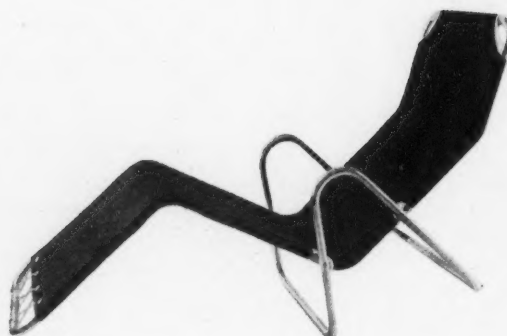
There are several basic things to consider. First, you want one with a good draft arrangement because charcoal, burned in grills or braziers for that steady sustained glow, needs a really good draft. Second, choose equipment with a movable grid that can be raised or lowered above the fire bed. This will save burning your precious steaks and helps avoid that messy business of replenishing your fire in the middle of the cooking process, delaying dinner considerably for the last person in line. Third, look for a removable firebox or inner ash container so you won't be spooning out the ashes when the party is over. Wood ashes, incidentally, are good for gardens, specially roses. If you dislike smoke in your eyes, you'll want a windbreak shelf back of the firebox.

With these fundamentals in mind you can be as fancy or as plain as you like. There are grill carts on wheels with single or double

Continued on page 38

EAT OUT . . . IN YOUR BACK YARD

(continued)



Photographed at National Home Show, Toronto.
Equipment and accessories by Eaton's.
Landscaping by Sunnybrook Nurseries.
Contour Lounge by Simpson's.
Dresses by Du-Rite.

ITS SMOOTH sleek lines won this new contour lounge a design award. It has no moving parts, yet lets you lie or sit.



WROUGHT IRON and wicker basket-work in combination are latest trend in outdoor-indoor furniture. The ample sling seat unhitches for easy storage, is light to handle.



GRACE NOTES for modern living are these elegantly designed wrought-iron dining sets with glass table top. They are equally at home outside on the terrace or inside a dining alcove.



How to make vegetable soup like *Campbell's*



Buy a sturdy marrow bone and a chunk of lean beef. Yes, it's *Vegetable Soup* you're making—but you want the flavor of a good meat base. Then you'll need some truly remarkable vegetables. Crisp carrots, deep orange in color; firm red tomatoes of proud ancestry; baby limas . . . and so on till you have 15 different vegetables, all practically County Fair winners. Next you'll want alphabet macaroni, barley and just the right spices and seasonings. What! You're tired already—even before you start peeling and paring? But you really needn't bother. It's all been done for you in Campbell's *Vegetable Soup*. So why not buy three or four cans? Open, heat and serve in just a few minutes. It's a wonderful soup!



NEW! CAMPBELL'S ONION SOUP . . . TRY IT TODAY



WONDERFUL BIG CUSHIONS like these, fashioned from dyed and decorated burlap, make good try-out items for the beginner. Pieces used were dyed separately in a medium-size container, so dyeing each required only a small amount of solution. Embroidery on cushion at the right adds a touch of elegance. Done with three-ply knitting yarn.



LOOK! IT'S BURLAP

The homely feed bag's attracting more attention in the fashion field lately than it ever did on the farm. You can color it, embellish it and make it into all sorts of attractive items for yourself and your home

By **ROSEMARY BOXER**,
Fashion and Beauty Editor

BURLAP turned up like a bull in a china shop in the high fashion salons of Paris this year. Evening skirts, coats, suits and dresses made from the same stuff Farmer Brown buys his feed in floated along swank runways beside sophisticated satins and wools.

You, too, can work this latest rags-to-riches miracle. You can use salvaged feed bags or buy burlap by the yard—dyed and ready to sew.

Preparing the bags for dyeing, which is the first step, is a simple operation. Open the side seams by pulling the thread of the chain stitch, and stitch the raw edges to prevent raveling. Place the burlap in a washer or tub filled with warm soapsuds, soak for a few hours and wash thoroughly to remove the printing. Rinse, and it is ready for dyeing.

If you want to lighten the natural burlap color—an advisable step if you're going to dye a light color—just put the

burlap in a color-removing solution, using a fresh solution for each bag. However, don't use the washing machine to remove the color since the large amount of water present will dilute the color remover and weaken its action. Use about one ounce of dye—a generous tablespoonful—to six quarts of water for the average-size burlap bag. Stir the dye powder in a quart jar or pitcher of hot water until dissolved. Measure five quarts of hot water into the dye vessel. Pour the dye solution into the water and stir. Place the wet, unfolded burlap bags in the dye solution and heat gradually to a point just below boiling up to thirty minutes, continuously moving the bags about with a smooth wooden spoon. Then, allow to cool, still "stirring."

Remove and rinse in cool water until the rinsings are clear. Squeeze out as much water as possible and iron at high heat until dry, to set color evenly.





BLOCK-PRINTED CIRCLE SKIRT, lined with rustling taffeta, shows that burlap can also step out in dressy company. Design is applied with fabric paints. Lining

is hemmed approximately two inches shorter than skirt and is not attached to the skirt hem so that the skirt will keep its proper shape even after repeated tubbings.

BURLAP ON THE TABLE. Our attractive selection, beginning in the upper left-hand corner, includes a bridge cloth, place mats, tea cloth, tray mat and coaster set. Other home furnishings you can make with burlap bags include draperies, chair and couch covers, lamp shades and bright table runners. If you plan to make matching burlap curtains and cushions, dye all the burlap you'll require in a single lot to ensure an even color through the material. Use a large tub or have it dyed professionally if necessary.

BAGS-TO-BEAUTY TRICK. This attractive two-piece bolero suit was made from burlap bags exactly like the one shown here and lined with taffeta. After you've sewn a few of the simpler items we've mentioned, a suit like this, a dress or even a coat are a cinch to make.



HERE'S ANOTHER SKIRT made of burlap bags. This one is styled on straight lines, lined with taffeta, trimmed with two bands of contrasting braid and frayed two inches deep at the hemline.



*Twice the sea
has touched her life
with terror
but this fisherman's wife,
who steadily battles poverty
and drudgery,
wouldn't exchange
the neighborliness of her
Nova Scotia village
for any city's pleasures*

THE HARSH AND HAPPY LIFE

By DORIS McCUBBIN

Photos by Paul Rockett

LILLA WATCHES AND WAITS for the safe return of her husband's boat as wives in her village have done for generations. A fisherman's daughter herself, she says, "You can't keep a man from the sea if it's in his blood."



LILLA GOES OUT with Hazen to check the nets only rarely but fully shares his tense awareness that their livelihood depends on the catch.

TO HAVE HER HUSBAND at home with her and the children she is glad to sacrifice the extra money he'd earn away fishing in boats off the banks.



IN NOVA SCOTIA the Atlantic Ocean bites greedily into the coast leaving little horseshoe-shaped harbors each with its fishing village. One of these is North West Cove, a tiny hamlet of twenty-three families, fifty miles southwest of Halifax. In one of the square, solid-looking frame houses standing on the rocky band of clearing that lines the harbor live Lilla Boutilier, her husband, Hazen, and their four children. The Boutiliers' house, like the others huddled around the shoreline, looks defiantly out to the open sea. But the threat they fear is not their ancient and familiar enemy, the Atlantic, which the men and their fathers before them have battled for almost two hundred years; the enemies are less tangible and more relentless. They are time and change.

The greatest boom in Canada's history, blustering through the rest of the country like a sou'wester, scarcely causes a ripple in the placid life of the Boutiliers. Hazen Boutilier, who pronounces his name "Bootler," is a fisherman like his father, Harry Boutilier, using nets and traps that haven't changed much in four hundred years. Lilla Boutilier watches for the returning boats from her kitchen window as fishermen's wives have done for centuries.



THE ISOLATION OF NORTH WEST COVE is something other women might dread but Lilla finds only contentment in the slow and steady pattern of a life which leaves no room for nervous ills.



LILLA'S OLDEST BOY, Lorraine, watches eagerly as his father hauls in tuna, but she hopes neither of her sons will want to go to sea.



WITH HER CHILDREN Lilla has time and the patience to ignore small misdeeds. "Or otherwise you'd always be jawing away at them."

QUIET EVENINGS SPENT IN HER OWN KITCHEN, with Hazen mending his nets and the children playing and listening to the grownups' friendly talk, are the reward of Lilla's stern and frugal life.

But change is in the air like the lull before a hurricane. Movies, radio and talk of big money up in Ontario have gradually made the young people of the cove restless. High wages on big fishing boats have lured some of the men up the coast to Lunenburg to fish from the big trawlers. The uncertainty of markets for their fish, and the knowledge that a rise in U. S. tariffs could sweep their livelihood into the sea, has resulted in many of the men turning to other trades, such as carpentry, logging or working in Halifax part of the year.

The Boutilliers are two of the few men in the cove who still make their living entirely by fishing. They are also the oldest family in the cove. Harry points with pride to the house built by the first Boutillier. Hazen uses hand-carved buoys shaped like oversize pencil stubs that were made by his grandfather. The Boutilliers are determined to live their lives as their forebears have done, but they are afraid this may not be possible.

To stout, practical Lilla Boutillier the question is much simpler. She is happily married to Hazen and if he wants to fish, she must make a home for him. Hers is the universal philosophy of life of women the world over.

"It's not an easy life,

Continued on page 26



HAIR DO'S and DONT'S

By Carol Douglas
FAMOUS BEAUTY
CONSULTANT



With all the summer's sun and fun, your hair needs extra care to keep you looking your loveliest. Above all, do protect your hair from the sun. If you find your hair sun-damaged after a day at the beach, use Tame Creme Rinse to restore lustre and natural softness.



DO make it a point to have Tame Creme Rinse handy at all times. This new invisible hair conditioner rinses on to impart a special loveliness to your hair—in just 20 seconds. Use it regularly as an after-shampoo beauty treatment. It makes your hair easy to manage, keeps it tangle-free. There are 16 treatments in each 69¢ bottle.

DON'T neglect to shampoo your hair at least once a week. And for rich, creamy-soft suds even in the hardest water, try the lanolin enriched lather of Toni Creme Shampoo. You'll be delighted with the silky feel of your hair, the lustrous sheen. Family-size jar \$1.00. Tubes 65¢ and 39¢.



DON'T settle for the second best when it comes to curlers for your next home permanent. Get the plastic SPIN Curlers by Toni. The specially

DO select sharp, straight scissors to trim your hair. To taper-cut, hold scissors between thumb and third finger, bracing them against your forefinger. Now move your thumb up and down with short jerking motions, never letting the scissors close completely.



DO choose the permanent that's custom-made for your type of hair. No one permanent is ideal for every woman. There are 3 types of Toni Home Permanent. Your choice \$1.75.

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for hard-to-wave hair.
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for normal hair.



TONI—World leader in hair research—guarantees these products for good hair care.

Continued from previous page

sure enough," she says as she scrubs her husband's coarse, homespun woolen socks against her scrub board. "Hazen could get more if he'd work on the road or go logging. He tried them both but he fretted about being away from the sea so much I told him to go back to the fishing. You can't keep a man from the sea if it's in his blood."

"That's right," says old Harry Boutilier, her father-in-law, in the deep-chested, twangy accent the people of Lunenburg County inherited from the original German settlers. "I've been fishing from North West Cove for almost fifty years and all it's got me is a batch of fishing boils." He rolls up his cuff and displays a bracelet of iodine-painted red lumps—salt-water sores—around his wrist. "Even the fishing's falling off. Time was when it was all a man could do to lift a lobster trap, it would be so full. Lucky to get one little fellow to a trap today."

"I could make more working off the banks in the vessels," says Hazen, Lilla's tall, lean, taciturn husband, rolling a cigarette between his fingers, thickened and callused from hauling salt-soaked ropes in freezing temperatures. "But it's hard for a man to work for someone else when he's used to being his own boss. Besides I don't like being away from the wife and kids."

Hazen and Lilla are lucky if they clear one thousand dollars a year with which to feed and clothe their family of four children. Hazen has to count annually on heavy losses in nets and lines in storms. Three years ago a ninety-mile gale smashed two hundred dollars' worth of lobster traps in one night.

Besides the gamble involved, there is the old occupational hazard of the fisherman. Death is never far from anyone's mind. Lilla was almost widowed twice the first year she was married, and while she was carrying her first child, when Hazen's boat was swamped in two big storms. One of her brothers, also a fisherman, was drowned three years ago.

"Our boys won't go fishing if I can educate them for anything else," Lilla says quietly but with conviction as she slams a flat iron down on the stove.

"That's what my mother said, too," laughs Hazen. "But you can't keep a boy out of the boats with the water just down there," and he nods to where the Atlantic washes up shimmering green, frilled with white and dimpling off into the distance.

His eldest son, Lorraine, who is ten, is always begging his father to take him out in the boats, and occasionally Hazen does. Otherwise, Lorraine spends most of his time hanging around the landing stages, helping the men get up gear, running errands to the store, taking the dory back to the fish house to get rope for the boat.

But Lilla points out that Lorraine is also, like many boys, interested in engines and is saving every penny that falls his way for a bicycle. "He might want to be a mechanic when he's older," she muses half to herself.

North West Cove, where the Boutiliers live, is one of many little fishing villages strung out like cork buoys along the line of the potted, roller-coaster road that winds around the shore of Lunenburg County. It's a part of the country that was often raided by pirates in the

early days, and a favorite entertainment is to sit around on foggy nights exchanging hair-raising stories of strange lights on water, ghost ships and buried treasure.

Lunenburg folk are hard-working and slow-talking people whose motto is "Think twice before speaking once." Many have never found life so fast-paced as to make them exchange their slow plodding oxen for trucks, or throw away their spinning wheels. Hazen's mother still buys raw wool, spins it and knits up a dozen pairs of socks and mitts for Harry every year.

The mitts are in white wool but never in grey because, in a land where the wind is always talking to the sea, it's only natural that superstitions should flourish. Like most fishermen, Harry would never run the risk of having a "Jonah" put on his boat by allowing

☆ ☆ ☆

MARITIME WOMAN

By Helen Hill Young

Hers is the strength defying definition,
This quiet woman dwelling by the sea.
Hers is the wisdom born of intuition
And knowledge of the ocean's cruelty.
The eyes that pierce the fog ignore the trifles
That cause another's eyes to see the flaws;
Hers is the magnanimity that stifles
All pettiness. She lives by sterner laws:
The sea will give, the sea will take away —
By coastal wives is early understood,
Knowing the waters still await their prey
Where men in dories seek their livelihood.
The fears she might have voiced have left her mute,
For death has stormed and found her resolute.

☆ ☆ ☆

anyone wearing grey mitts aboard. To say the word "pig" is to bring certain disaster too. Pigs are referred to as "Mr. Dennis" in Lunenburg dories.

There is a feeling of accomplishment when you reach North West Cove because cars have to be nursed carefully over the seven miles of potholes and washboard from Hubbards, where the train stops. There is also a feeling of isolation. Lilla Boutilier rarely goes to Halifax and then it is likely to be for an emergency, as when Marshall, her second son, broke his arm falling off an oxcart, and Lilla got a neighbor to drive them in to the Children's Hospital.

A stranger is an event in North West Cove. If you knock on a fisherman's door, he will ask you in and pull up the rocking chair and give you a cup of tea before he even asks your business. Lilla sees perhaps five people go by in a day on the road that runs below her kitchen window—the mailman, the fish truck on its way to the fish factory at Blandford, one of the cove's three cars on its way to Hubbards, the occasional tourist in summer, and perhaps a passing team of oxen.

Beyond the road are the fish stores and landing stages where the men keep their nets and gear. The stores, silver grey from the salt-laden winds, stand on stilts like storks around the shore. Piled beside them are the articles of her husband's trade—nets drying in the sun and casting lacy patterns on the landing stage, piles of slat-sided lobster traps looking like chicken coops, big black pots as high as a man in which the nets are tarred. Between the sea and the line of dark green spruce is an uneven broadloom of grass broken by the grey and black rocks. Overhead gulls wheel and screech, but other than that there is little sound except the symphony that is always there—the sea whispering, chattering, scolding, thundering or shrieking.

Lilla lives with the smell of fish and woodsmoke always in the air. She does a wash twice a week at a scrub board in water she pulls up from a well. At night she hooks the rugs she hopes to sell to tourists for six dollars each. Her only hat is three years old and Hazen owns only one suit. She has never had a holiday in the eleven years she has been married. Her big ambition was realized last year when the house was wired for electricity—a luxury that cost them two hundred dollars. About half the people in the cove have electric lights now and there are around a dozen with washing machines. An indoor bathroom is just a dream. It costs one thousand dollars to install plumbing.

"Well, why put up with it?" many women would ask.

There are three reasons. It's the life Lilla was born to, for she is a fisherman's daughter from Mill Cove up the coast. It's the life Hazen wants to lead. The third reason is the one that makes the other two valid: Lilla Boutilier is happy in her life.

In an age when happiness is often measured out in material goods, Lilla should be miserable. But her life follows a slow and quiet rhythm like the tide. She can almost see the pattern of it stretching out before her as clearly as she can see the rocks around her harbor home. Lilla doesn't know what a psychiatrist is and she certainly doesn't expect ever to face one in her lifetime. Divorce, crime and nervous breakdowns would be as out of place in the cove as juke boxes and traffic lights. Common complaints of our complex society—nerves, insomnia, ulcers—are almost unknown here. Lilla says she is too busy to be lonely and too tired at night not to sleep. "It's getting awake that's hard," she says wonderingly.

Her life is healthy and peaceful. "We'll never have lots of money, but we'll never starve either."

"Hello" From the Children

The Boutilier children are sturdy testimony to her faith. There are four of them—two boys, Lorraine, ten, and Marshall, seven, who go to school up the road, and two girls, Audrey, six, and Joyce, four. It's the girls, peering curiously through the door jamb of the living room, that an arriving stranger is aware of first.

"Come in and say hello," Lilla suggests to them.

After five minutes' careful weighing of the situation, Audrey, round-faced and with two stiff little braids sticking out from her Dutch bob, enters the room, hands behind her back, com-



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pletely absorbed, so it seems, with the leather toe-caps of her laced felt boots. She seats herself decorously in the rocking chair. But Joyce, the roly-poly blond four-year-old, still watches cautiously from the door until, at her mother's prompting, Audrey goes out and brings her in by the hand.

"You can be glad they're shy at first," warns Lilla, with a mixture of motherly affection and exasperation.

After school the Boutillier boys burst into the kitchen. Marshall, an uninhibited seven, is wildly waving his scribbler which he has brought home for his mother to see. He flings off his cap (after a reminder from Lilla) and opens his book. But in the rush from school all the pages have fallen out. At first he looks as if he is going to cry, but everyone else, including Joyce, seems to think the incident is a good joke. With masterly social sense he turns the *faux pas* into an asset by laughing louder than anyone else.

Lorraine, the eldest Boutillier, is a tall, dark serious boy with an unruly pompadour and a sense of the immense gulf of maturity between himself and his young brother and sisters. Lorraine has weighty matters of money on his mind. He climbs on the couch and gets down a baking powder tin with a slit in the top which is kept out of reach of Audrey and Joyce, along with the barometer and radio.

"That's his bank," says Lilla, "where he keeps the money he's saving for a bicycle. He's made it sawing wood for his grandmother and running errands for the men at the boats. How much have you now, Lorraine?"

"Three dollars and sixteen cents,"

says Lorraine with the sober air of a budding capitalist.

"You're going to wear that money out counting it," warns his father drily.

By this time Lilla's attention is taken by Audrey who is pulling Joyce around the floor on one of the hooked rugs with ear-splitting shrieks of joy from both of them.

Lilla chooses to ignore this small misdemeanor. "If you jawed at them every time they did something wrong, you'd always be jawing at them," she says with a philosophical air.

The Boutilliers' frame house was built by Hazen and a neighbor nine years ago this summer. It cost twenty-four hundred dollars. There are two stories and seven rooms and a little entrance like a dog house on one side, which leads down to the dirt cellar. Hazen hasn't built the front steps yet, but it doesn't really matter because all the traffic is through the kitchen door anyway. Nova Scotia weather is hard on houses and the white paint is peeling off from the salt winds. All the floors are covered with linoleum and rugs which Lilla hooks from old clothes. Hazen did the plastering and then Lilla did most of the papering and painting herself. It's not grand but it's a home with a couch in the corner of the kitchen where Hazen can lie and talk to her when he comes in from fishing and where the children romp when they come home from school. Every cent of it is paid for.

The Boutillier children go to the one-room school up the road with its round roof like a Nissen hut, worn steps and Red Cross sticker in the window. There are twenty-four pupils in grades from one to ten. "We're lucky," says

Lilla. "For had 'perm Covey com had thirtee missives an ates who certificates shortage. even coe "You can like that,"

Once ou for young Cove. Th in the fish they sit gloves, sl fish into trucks. I an hour a

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Lilla. "For the past few years we've had 'permissives' but now Mrs. Sylvia Covey comes over from Blandford. She's had thirteen years' experience." Permissives are young high school graduates who have been given temporary certificates to fill Nova Scotia's teacher shortage. In some cases they haven't even completed their grade eleven. "You can't be satisfied with teachers like that," says Lilla.

Once out of school there isn't much for young people to do in North West Cove. They either go fishing or work in the fish factory in Blandford where they sit all day wearing aprons and gloves, slitting, cleaning and tossing fish into troughs that lead to refrigerator trucks. For this boys get sixty cents an hour and girls are paid forty.

Few Lock Their Doors

Most of the young people can hardly wait to shake the dust of the tidy little village off their feet. All the children in grade eleven this year at the school in Blandford plan to leave. Of the boys, two hope to join the air force, one wants to be a Mountie, the other a bricklayer. The girls hope to find jobs in Halifax—any kind of jobs—where there are lights and what seems to them a more exciting life.

"But some of them are glad to come back," says Harry, because there is a feeling of belonging about the cove that is never found in a city. There is a feeling of permanence too.

In a community where everyone knows everyone else, there is practically no crime. A man would be ostracized for touching another man's traps. The threat of theft is so slight that hundreds of dollars' worth of fishing gear is left in the fish stores, but only a simple wooden peg keeps the doors shut. Few people bother to lock their homes. The nearest policeman is at Chester, twenty-two miles away.

Lilla's life is an early-to-rise-and-early-to-bed one. She is up at five every day and in summer she gets up at three to cook Hazen a filling breakfast of porridge, eggs, beans and coffee, and pack him a lunch for the boat. She doesn't mind getting up at dawn, but her chief complaint is that her house-keeping day is broken up. She never knows when the weather will break and Hazen will come in dripping water from his oilskins, and famished for a "mug up" of tea and some food.

The fare on the Boutilier table is filling rather than fancy. A typical meal is boiled mackerel or herring with potatoes in "pelts," supplemented with heaps of thick slices of homemade bread spread with peanut butter, or a bean hodge of beans and potatoes cooked together. Side dishes include a "chaw" of tomatoes and onions, or cucumbers in sour cream. A favorite dish in Lunenburg is "pudding" which is a mixture of pig's heart, liver and jowls, boiled together and packed in a casing. Almost every family has a barrel of sauerkraut in the cellar.

Lilla buys most of her groceries from Gerald McCreedy, an enterprising fisherman-turned-shopkeeper who has made one of the rooms of his house into a little store complete with scale, cash register and a bell over the door. A peddler comes three times a week with fresh meat and milk but as there are only six refrigerators in the cove and milk and meat go bad in hot weather, Gerald McCreedy does a brisk business in canned milk and canned meat.

Lilla washes clothes Mondays and Fridays (with an extra shake of soap because of the hard water), and cleans house Saturday. In the fall she cans fruit and salts pork and fish. Hazen banks up the foundation of the house for winter with fir branches. In February when there is little fishing he gets up his wood with a team of oxen

The Cocktail Veil '54—interpretation by John Fredericks



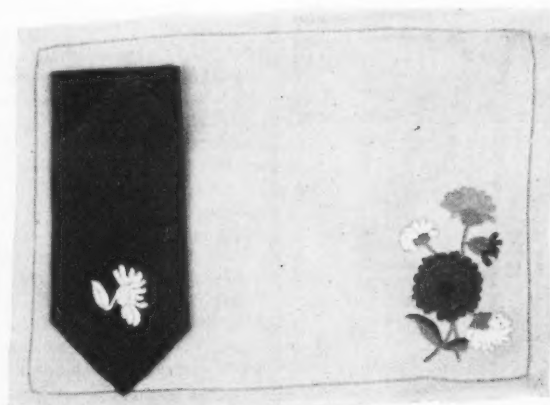
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Social life revolves around North West Cove's little white-spired St. Cuthbert's Anglican church. The four Boutillier children are taken to Sunday school every week by their grandmother. Reverend Sherren, the young minister from Blandford, comes over in the morning to conduct Sunday school and take the church service, the first of three such calls he makes during the day.

The Boutilliers read the Halifax morning Chronicle-Herald which arrives at noon every day. Like many Maritimers, they have a passion for cowboy songs. "Wilf Carter is the best singer that ever went on the air" is an unchallenged truism around the cove. But Lilla can't be bothered with the half dozen local quiz programs that keep many a fishing wife glued to her radio for several hours every day in the hope that she will send in the right answer and win a set of silver, or a sewing machine.

Aside from the radio and church the cove people make their own fun. "Sometimes we take the kids for a spin in the boat on Sundays, or over to Bayswater beach to swim," says Hazen. Lilla's passion is "forty-fives," the favorite card game of Nova Scotia, but she isn't fond of dancing—which is fortunate because there are no dances in the cove. Occasionally the women get together for a quilting or hooking bee. The Boutilliers rarely go to Hubbards to the movie house which offers an unvaried fare of the Bowery boys, Ma and Pa Kettle, westerns and thrillers. Big event in the summer social calendar is the Blandford picnic with its sports events, including a dory race.

"Audrey won a ring last year in a running race," Lorraine volunteers.

At the picnic the Women's Sewing Guild raises a few dollars for the church with a sale of embroidered and bleached sugar bags, and the socks and mitts they have been working on all winter. A huge scalloped chowder supper is followed by a dance with an orchestra brought out from Halifax. "But they aren't any better than our own, as sure as I'm a-setting here," says Lilla.

The four-day Lunenburg County Exhibition is the pride of the county with its fish exhibits, water sports and midway. Last year Hazen chipped in on the gas and oil for a neighbor's truck and took Lilla and the two boys off to see it. The boys, who rarely get out of the cove, were thrilled with the midway rides, still talk about the cotton candy and hot dogs they ate.

Lilla is more reserved in her enthusiasm. "More people than the Smith Brothers got cough drops," she says. "I was that tired when I got home I went straight to bed without even making us tea. It was a time all right," she muses as she starts to sweep the linoleum with its worn spots in the middle, "but it was nice to get back to the cove." +

★ ★ ★

LAUNDRY HAMPER

By Lorrie McLaughlin

This container for dirty clothes is Seldom where a husband throws his.

★ ★ ★

DON'T LET YOUR HUSBAND TEACH YOU

Continued from page 9

school was the first one in Vancouver and I pioneered the idea of equipping cars with a complete set of dual controls for teaching purposes, so a lot of people hold me responsible for turning men into pedestrians. In their book, a pedestrian is a man whose wife has learned to drive—and I guess they think lynching would be too good for me. I've been accused of creating seventeen thousand potential accidents, of making the streets a hazard for hapless males, of getting a rake-off from the people who fix dented fenders and goodness knows what else.

To all of which I still say: "Women drivers are wonderful!" And I don't think any man is fully emancipated until his wife has learned to handle the car. Think of the advantages. You have a sober driver to get you safely home if you knock back that one extra at a party . . . you have someone to spell you off if you go on a cross-country jaunt . . . and you get out of the shopping.

Lots of women learn to drive because this skill allows their husbands to wriggle out of the odd chore. One of our students got her lessons and a brand-new car of her own simply because her husband got sick of her phoning the office and asking him to pick up a loaf of bread or a bottle of milk on his way home.

In cases where neither husband nor wife can drive, the husband usually sends his wife along for lessons first. He seems to figure if a woman can learn, it ought to be a cinch for a man.

But when husbands and wives take lessons together, the woman is usually way out in front. I remember one charming middle-aged woman who was all ready for her road test after nine lessons but she deliberately took three more that she didn't need so that she wouldn't graduate before her husband.

Lessons in Secret

And was she proud of him. She used to phone me nearly every day to tell me how he was doing. "Father made it to the office in forty-five minutes today," she'd say. And then "Father made it in thirty-five minutes today." And finally—"Father didn't make it at all today. Oh Mr. McKinley—he's a real driver now. He got a ticket—for speeding!" Actually she was the driver in that family but there was no danger of her husband ever finding out. Believe me, women know a great many things that they don't learn in driving school.

Another woman told me her husband simply blew up at the idea of her going to a driving school. "I can teach you anything they can teach you—only faster—and for free." So he took her out to Stanley Park on Sunday, got himself into a monumental rage, reduced her to tears and accomplished nothing. But he was determined to persevere.

Meantime his wife enrolled at our school and swore us to secrecy. Week-days she would come to us and learn to drive. Sundays she would weave around the park with her husband. After the third Sunday she got her license and that man is still boasting about how he taught his wife to drive

in three lessons. "Only three lessons, I tell you—nothing to it!"

As I say, women are wonderful and I'd go to bat for the woman driver any day.

However, I have to admit that some women can drive you crazy when they first get their hands on the wheel of a car. But even if they give you grey hair they're fun to teach. I suppose the main difference between men and women students is that the women are so much more outspoken. While the

men are inclined to sweat it out in silence, the women say just what comes into their heads and believe me some of their comments make it difficult for you to keep your face straight.

For instance, you compliment a housewife on turning a corner properly but remind her that she must keep her eye on the pedestrians. Gravely, you point out that if you hadn't put your foot on the brake on your side of the car, she'd have run over the old gentleman who has just tottered to the

curb. "Well gosh," she says, "you've got to watch the people. I can't do everything—I'm driving!"

Every time you come to a stop sign you remind her to change to low gear and you can see this isn't going over too well. Finally she says, very annoyed, "Look here—we were doing all right in high gear—why can't we let well enough alone?"

Or say it's a nice sunny day, your student seems to be coming along quite well with her driving and you're feeling

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the girl
you used
to be...



what would she think
of you today?

She looks out at the world through older, wiser eyes... that girl who once was you. Would she approve the way you look at things, or would she miss the fresh enthusiasm that was so much a part of her make-up? Ask yourself the question she would ask: Do you still have a "young" viewpoint?

Part of feeling young is a willingness to accept new ideas. Perhaps that's why so many young people have turned to the new idea in sanitary protection: Tampax*. Because Tampax is worn internally, it avoids many of the discomforts of "those days"—chafing, irritation, the whole bulky belt-pin-pad harness, and odor.

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quite happy and relaxed when suddenly a blue convertible cuts right in front of you. As your foot reaches for the brake you glance at your driver. How is she reacting in this little emergency? ... She gives a little gasp, as if she's just seen a mouse—and shuts her eyes.

I'll admit this kind of thing gives you grey hair—until you get used to it. But don't think women have a monopoly on panic. Men get in a flap, too, and they're "ornery" to boot. If the blue convertible had tried to cut off a male student driver he'd probably have done what I've seen a good many of them do—tramp on the gas and ram the offender amidstips. Why? Because they have the right of way ... SEE?

Then there's the woman who finds it difficult to understand how everything works. Explanations are a bit exhausting when your student doesn't know a fender from a fuel pump but you make a stab at describing the various mechanical processes which cause the back wheels to turn and propel the car forward.

The student seems to digest this and you're all set to get on with the lesson when she floors you with, "Well now—if that's what makes the back wheels go, what makes the front ones go?"

We sometimes conduct our early lessons in Stanley Park because it's quiet, with one-way traffic—easy on the students' nerves—and on ours! Stanley Park is one place you can relax, or so I thought until I met Mrs. B. Mrs. B. had a thing about pigeons. Was terrified she'd run over one. Every time Mrs. B. saw a pigeon she jammed on the brakes and stalled the car. And she saw a pigeon every few feet.

After I'd crashed into the windshield for the tenth time I said, "Look, you're not going to run over a pigeon. They move when they see you coming. Nobody has ever run over a pigeon. Forget the pigeons and just keep going." She tried but the next time we saw a pigeon

on the road she reached for the brake.

I was getting just a little tired. "Mrs. B.," I said to her, "I assure you, I promise you, you won't run over a pigeon. Now please try to relax."

So what happened? We ran over a pigeon. Mrs. B. burst into tears, the day's lesson was washed out and I don't think she ever really trusted me again. But I still maintain that Mrs. B.'s pigeon is the only pigeon ever run over by a car traveling fifteen miles per hour.

There is, of course, quite a bit of applied psychology in teaching driving. I had one pupil, a little, quick-moving wren of a woman who learned very fast. But she had no confidence. Every time I told her she was ready for her road test she said she thought she'd take another hour's instruction, "just to be on the safe side."

I could see this keeping up forever so I enlisted the help of the fellows at the testing station. Drove her down there one day and asked if she minded waiting while I picked up some papers. Then I came out and told her that I would be detained for a while but that a friend of mine would carry on with her lesson. I introduced him, explained that he was an expert driver and left them to it.

He put her through her paces, told her she had nothing to learn. "Well," she said, "I think I'd better have another hour's instruction before I actually take my test." My friend then explained that he was the testing officer, that she'd just had her test and passed with flying colors.

Oh, we get all kinds. Like the old lady who wanted to know how long it would take her to learn to drive. I explained that learning time usually varies with age. We figure eight hours' instruction for teen-agers, nine for people in their twenties, ten in their thirties and so on, adding about one hour's instruction for every five years of age over forty.



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The woman was about sixty so I told her that fourteen hours' instruction was just about average in her age group. I hadn't got the words out of my mouth when she was flying at me like a tiger. Did I think she was stupid? Did I think she hadn't any more brains than some addle-pated schoolgirl?

I tried to calm her by telling her it was only that people tend to grow more cautious as they grow older. They won't take chances the way a youngster will and so they take longer to learn.

She then dived across my desk, thrust her face up to mine and hissed, "Feel my skin, Mr. McKinley—smooth as a girl's! Look at my thumbs—double-jointed!" Before I could get my breath she was doing knees-full-bend exercises all over my office, shouting, "See that—supple as a ballet dancer!"

Every time she caught sight of me after that she'd start high kicking, or something, to show me how young she was. It finally took her about twenty-five hours to learn—the longest time on our records.

But she was an exception. We've turned out more than twenty-seven thousand drivers now—men and women—and I don't suppose we've had more than a dozen stinkers in the whole bunch.

Psychiatrists Send Them

Some people of course are harder to teach than others and it's funny how *that* works. Seems the more education they've had, the tougher they are to teach. Professors, schoolteachers, doctors and lawyers are usually difficult students. So are successful businessmen—too much else on their minds, I guess. Oddly enough, nervous people are no problem at all. We find them easier to teach than the placid ones. They have quicker reactions, grasp things quicker, never give us a moment's trouble.

As a matter of fact, anybody who can steer a car for a single block without wobbling all over the street is good driver material. There's only about one person in a thousand who is absolutely unteachable. I've only met a couple of those, one a well-known woman psychiatrist. We're good friends and we have lots of laughs over her "mental block."

We get quite a few students through psychiatrists. They feel driving will help their patients to get interested in something else and also develop their self-confidence.

You'd think the instructors would be the ones in need of psychiatric treatment, but you'd be surprised. One of our men used to run a taxi outfit and fretted himself into a severe case of ulcers. He quit the cabs to work for us and would you believe it—four years of teaching women to drive have cured his ulcers.

It takes a new instructor about three months to get acclimatized. This includes getting to know exactly how far you can trust a student and how much of her thinking you have to do for her, how to get along with all kinds of people in every age group and how to keep your temper. Once the instructors get their wings, or maybe I should say halos, they just can't be pried loose.

For my money, teaching driving is the most fascinating job in the world. You're with a different person every

single hour of the day and you get to know so much about them that you feel you're living several different lives every shift. The nervous tension of learning to drive seems to snap all the normal barriers—people tell you the darndest things. Just like they do in a dentist's chair, I guess.

That nervous tension has another effect, too. Our women students invariably lose weight—as much as twenty-one pounds during a driving course. I've often thought that I should use this as

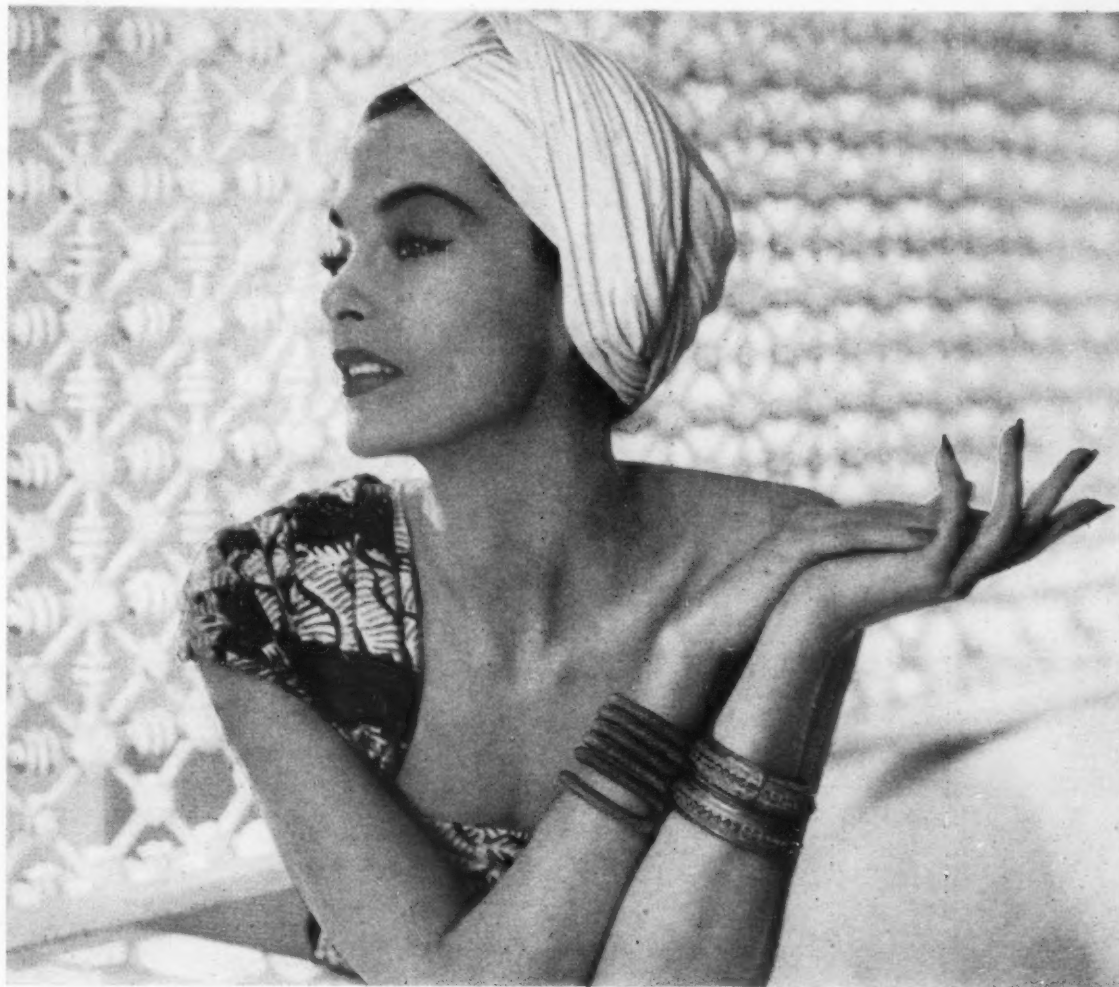
an advertising gimmick—"We'll charge by the pound lost, or by the hour. Take your choice."

I guess there'll always be jokes about women drivers, and our dual control instruction cars with CAUTION plastered across the back in big white letters are still good for a wisecrack. But the general attitude has certainly changed since those days in 1945 when I first tried to promote the idea of a driving school. Professional driver-training is now considered part of our

way of life, a vital step toward traffic safety. Big companies even get us to test truck drivers for their commercial fleets.

But when I first suggested a driving school, everybody thought I was crazy. The city fathers were aghast. "Teach people to drive . . . on our streets? Nonsense!"

I got lots of friendly advice, all of it discouraging. Dual controls simply wouldn't work. People wouldn't pay to learn to drive, and anyway there



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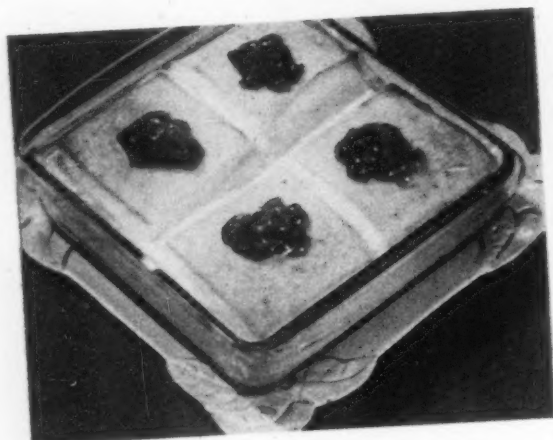
Hop out of a "menu rut" with Velveeta main dishes



FOR DINNER

Velveeta Pinwheel Vegetable Casserole—

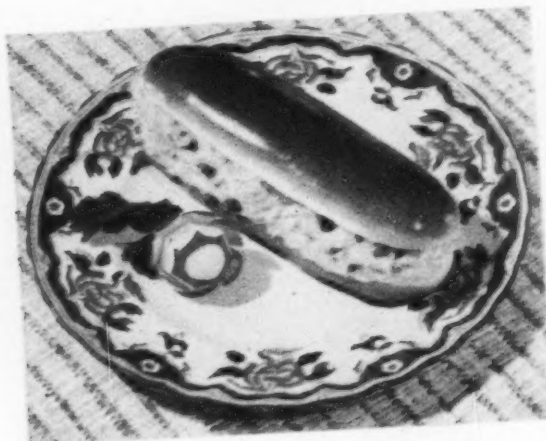
Place 8 small carrots, 8 small onions, 1½ c. green beans and 1 c. peas, all cooked and well drained, into a casserole. Make cream sauce with 4 tbsp. butter or Parkay Margarine, 4 tbsp. flour and 2 c. milk. Add ½ lb. Velveeta, sliced, and stir until it melts. Add salt, pepper to taste. Pour over vegetables. For the biscuit pinwheels: sift 2 c. flour, 3 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt. Cut in 4 tbsp. butter or margarine until mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Stir in ¾ c. milk to make a smooth dough. Turn out on floured board, knead ½ min. Roll ¼-in. thick and spread with ¼ c. melted butter or margarine; roll up like jelly roll. Cut off 1-in. slices and place around edges of casserole. Bake in 425° oven 20 min. or until biscuits are lightly browned. Serves 4.



FOR DINNER

Velveeta Strata—

Trim crusts from 12 slices of day-old bread. Arrange 4 slices in bottom of an 8-in. sq. baking dish. Slice ½ lb. of Velveeta and cover bread with half of it. Place 4 more bread slices and cover bread with half of it. Place 4 more bread slices on cheese layer and cover with remaining sliced Velveeta. Add last 4 bread slices. Combine 4 beaten eggs, 2½ c. milk, ½ tsp. salt, dash of pepper. Pour over bread and Velveeta and let it stand 1 hour. Bake in 325° oven about 40 min. or until it is puffed and lightly browned.



FOR LUNCH

Velveeta Frankfurter Roll—

Grind ½ lb. of Velveeta, ½ of a small onion, 1 medium-sized green pepper and 6 slices bacon, cooked. Add ½ c. condensed tomato soup (undiluted), ½ tsp. salt, dash of cayenne, dash of Worcestershire sauce and blend well. Split 4 frankfurter buns, spread bottom halves with filling; cover with tops. Place in 400° oven until filling melts. Serve hot, garnished with radish roses.

In ½ lb. package,
1 lb. and economical
2 lb. loaf.



Rich in protein!

Velveeta pasteurized process cheese food adds greatly to the nutrition of these dishes. Velveeta helps to supply high-quality protein, calcium, phosphorus, riboflavin, and Vitamin A.

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wouldn't be enough of them to teach. Well, we've taught twenty-seven thousand to drive in the last seven years and there are still enough students to keep our ten cars and eighteen drivers busy—and happy.

The driving school idea had been jelling in my mind for a long time—ever since we used to sit and chew the fat in a German prison camp in World War II. It turned out that every single pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force was planning to start a flying school when the war ended. If they'd all got going, we'd have had a flying school every ten miles right across the country. Before I joined up I'd been driving a truck for my dad so when everybody was talking flying schools I naturally gave the thing a twist. Why not a driving school? My idea was to have a car with a dual set of controls just like you have on a pilot-training plane.

Women Came First

When I got back to Canada as a liaison officer I took it up with the air force engineering department and some of the fellows helped me look for a car which would lend itself to dual controls. A garage owner stepped in with the offer of space in his garage and the services of his foreman and we set about converting a 1942 car. Mind you, nobody knew just how to bring this off. We had to start from scratch.

There wasn't much to go on. In 1919, some U. S. mailman on a rural route had converted a Model T by putting in two steering wheels, so that he could deliver mail on both sides of the road. Some other guy had an extra set of brake pedals put on a car. But as far as we know, we were the first ones on this continent to have a complete set of dual controls: brake, wheels, clutch and accelerator. The instructor works the gear shift with his left hand.

Everybody still thought I was crazy—I couldn't get a partner for love or money. But right from the first, it worked. We applied for a patent on the dual controls and the story was written up in Popular Mechanics. Then the Vancouver Sun gave us a write-up and as soon as the story broke, people started phoning. In two weeks, we had a waiting list of two hundred.

Those original students were mostly women—I had a woman student when I gave my very first driving lesson. It's no wonder I have a soft spot for the woman driver.

So she makes a signal to turn left and goes right. So what? A lady can change her mind, can't she? +

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Chatelaine Meals of the Month

July

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
THU 1	Oranges Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Cheese Jelly Cocoa	Jellied Tongue Parsley Potatoes Tomato Salad Lemon Snow Milk Tea	Stuffed Pork Chops Parsley Potatoes Minted Peas and Pineapple Strawberry Parfait Coffee Tea	TUE 20	Grapefruit Juice Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Pea Soup Spinach Carrot Salad Layer Cake à la Mode Milk Tea	Meat Loaf Supreme Stewed Tomatoes Wax Beans Fresh Apricots Coffee Tea
FRI 2	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Coffee Raisin Buns Cocoa	Cream of Mushroom Soup Chef's Salad Stewed Rhubarb Milk Tea	Salmon Steaks Shoestring Potatoes Lemon Sauce Buttered Broccoli Raisin Pie	WED 21	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Cocoa	French Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Stewed Prunes Milk Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlet Mashed Potatoes Glazed Carrots Lettuce Salad Gingerbread Lemon Sauce
SAT 3	Half Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Macaroni and Tomatoes Vanilla Ice Cream Berry Sauce Tea Milk	Cold Cuts Kernel Corn Fresh Peas Baked Potatoes Fruit Cup	THU 22	Mixed Vegetable Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Asparagus on Toast Cheese Sauce Summer Salad Ice Cream Cookies Milk Tea	Juicy Beef Steaks Baked Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Fresh Peas Blueberry Turnovers
SUN 4	Tomato Juice Prepared Cereal Blueberry Muffins Coffee Cocoa	Jellied Cole Slaw Blue Cheese Carrot Sticks Raspberry Shortcake Milk Tea	Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Frenched Green Beans Rhubarb Pie	FRI 23	Oranges Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Peanut Butter Cocoa	Chicken Soup Hot Tea Biscuits Fresh Strawberry Jam Milk Tea	Baked Cod Fillets Mashed Potatoes Tomato Slices Lettuce Wedges Chilled Lemon Whip
MON 5	Rhubarb Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Conservé Cocoa	Minced Beef and Pickle Sandwiches Raw Relishes Maple Custard Milk Tea	Broiled Peameal Bacon Tender Beets Creamed Cauliflower Strawberries and Cream Coffee Tea	SAT 24	Apple Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Shopping Downtown Meet Dad for Lunch	Split Beef Wieners with Cheese Canned Baked Beans Cabbage Salad Blueberry Sundae
TUE 6	Apple Juice Corn Flakes Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Fluffy Omelet French Bread Butter Tarts Milk Tea	Beef Pie with Vegetables Spinach Salad Lemon Coconut Dessert Coffee Tea	SUN 25	Fruit Cup Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Leg of Pork Applesauce Whole New Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Carrots Cantaloupe Cup	Picnic Supper (assorted sandwiches, relishes, cupcakes and ice cream cones) Iced Tea Orange Drink
WED 7	Orange Juice Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Consommé Fruit Salad Platter Fruit Dressing Banana Bread Milk Tea	Pork Tenderloin Onion Dressing Brussels Sprouts New Carrots Raspberry Bavarian	MON 26	Grapefruit Halves Bran Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Jelly Omelet Green Beans Toasted Rolls Date Squares Milk Tea	Meat Balls in Onion Gravy Chinese Style Rice Frosted Salad French Dressing Cherries
THU 8	Fruit Cup Whole-grain Cereal Coffee Bran Muffins Cocoa	Poached Egg on Toast Sliced Tomatoes Cucumber Salad Butter Tarts à la Mode Milk Tea	Liver and Onions Boiled New Potatoes Creamed Celery Carrot Salad Cherry Cobbler	TUE 27	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs Celery and Radishes Lime Chiffon Pie Milk Tea	Mixed Grill (chop, sausage, bacon) Potatoes Lyonnaise Mixed Vegetables Cantaloupe à la Mode
FRI 9	Mixed Vegetable Juice Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Cheese Soufflé Parsley Sauce Toast Strawberries Milk Tea	White Fish Chowder Bread Sticks Lettuce Wedges Russian Dressing Rhubarb Crisp	WED 28	Frozen Fruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Cocoa	Corn Fritters Jelly Cole Slaw Date Squares Milk Tea	Liver Stuffed Onions Parsley Sauce Tomato Salad Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea
SAT 10	Stewed Apricots Bran Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Parsley and Egg Sandwiches Waldorf Salad Milk Sherbet Milk Tea	Baked Beans Bacon Italian Bread Blueberry Pie Coffee Tea	THU 29	Stewed Prunes Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Coffee Cocoa	Curried Eggs and Rice Buttered Cabbage Plums Sugar Cookies Milk Tea	Pot Roast with Vegetables Fresh Blueberries Corn Meal Muffins Coffee Tea
SUN 11	Grapefruit Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Salmon Salad Plate Butterscotch Buns Milk Tea	Glazed Ham Broiled Pineapple Duchess Potatoes Mixed Vegetables Strawberry Shortcake	FRI 30	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Grilled Cheese Sandwich Prune Plum Pie Milk Tea	Stuffed Flank Steak Baked Potatoes Buttered Spinach Lemon Soufflé Coffee Tea
MON 12	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Ham Sandwiches Cheese Sandwiches Chocolate Layer Cake Milk Tea	Swiss Steak Tomato Gravy Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Lemon Squares	SAT 31	Grapefruit Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Broiled Asparagus and Bacon on Toast Fresh Peaches Oatmeal Cookies Milk Tea	Barbecue Supper (See article on page 18)
TUE 13	Half Grapefruit Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Canned Spiced Beef on Rye Raw Carrot and Celery Curds Raspberry Pie Milk Tea	Stuffed Heart Creamed Onions Vegetables Julienne Cottage Pudding Coffee Tea	<div> <h3>Chatelaine Recipe of the Month</h3> <h4>† STRAWBERRY PIE</h4> <p> $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts fresh strawberries (6 heaping cups) 1 cup sugar $3\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornstarch </p> <p> Wash and cap berries. Divide into two equal portions, keeping the best-looking berries to one side and mashing the other portion. Add the sugar and cornstarch to the mashed berries and cook over direct heat, stirring constantly until clear and thick, about 5 to 6 minutes. Stir </p> <p> in lemon juice. Cool. Add the whole berries to the cooled mixture, saving a few for garnish. Pour into a baked pastry shell. Just before serving top with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries. Serves six. </p> </div>			
WED 14	Apple Juice Cereal with Bananas and Cream Toast Coffee Conservé Cocoa	Celery Soup Tuna Salad Chocolate Milkshake	Grilled Ham Slices Mashed Potatoes Two-minute Cabbage Baby Carrots Chocolate Layer Cake				
THU 15	Orange Slices Cereal Toast Coffee Bacon Jam Cocoa	Lettuce Salad Tomato Wedges Hot Rolls Orange Tapioca Milk Tea	Braised Oxtails Home Fried Potatoes Buttered Beets Green Beans Grape Sherbet				
FRI 16	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Spanish Rice Celery Strawberry Pie Milk Tea	Fish and Chips Lemon Wedges Tossed Green Salad Mocha Dessert Coffee Tea				
SAT 17	Fruit Cup Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Pancakes with Cottage Cheese Jelly Lime Sherbet Milk Tea	Beef Stew Vegetables in Gravy Browned Potatoes Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea				
SUN 18	Raspberries and Cream Whole-grain Cereal Coffee Raisin Buns Cocoa	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Nut Dressing Bread Sticks Parsley Potatoes Blueberries Milk Tea	Roast Chicken Nut Dressing Asparagus Carrot Coins Parsley Potatoes Cherry Parfait				
MON 19	Stewed Prunes Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Chicken Chop Suey Hard-cooked Eggs Lettuce Apple Tartlets Milk Tea	Sweetbreads Drawn Butter Sauce Fluffy Rice Broccoli Raspberry Muffins				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

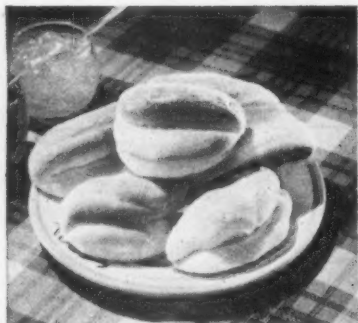
† STRAWBERRY PIE

$1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts fresh strawberries
 (6 heaping cups)
 1 cup sugar
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornstarch

Wash and cap berries. Divide into two equal portions, keeping the best-looking berries to one side and mashing the other portion. Add the sugar and cornstarch to the mashed berries and cook over direct heat, stirring constantly until clear and thick, about 5 to 6 minutes. Stir

in lemon juice. Cool. Add the whole berries to the cooled mixture, saving a few for garnish. Pour into a baked pastry shell. Just before serving top with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries. Serves six.

4 delicious treats ...make them from One Basic Dough!



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Needs no
Refrigeration

BASIC ROLL DOUGH

Scald

- 1 cup milk
- 3 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 2½ teaspoons salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

- ½ cup lukewarm water

1 teaspoon granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and

- ½ cup lukewarm water

Stir in

- 3 cups once-sifted bread flour
- and beat until smooth and elastic; work in
- 3 cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board to ½-inch thickness; cut into rounds with 3-inch cutter; brush with melted butter or margarine. Crease each round deeply with dull side of knife, a little to one side of centre; fold larger half over smaller half and press along the fold. Place, just touching each other, on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 6 rolls.

2. CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 8 equal-sized pieces; cut each piece into 3 little pieces. Shape each little piece of dough into a ball and brush with melted butter or margarine; arrange 3 balls in each greased muffin pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

3. FAN TANS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a rectangle a scant ¼-inch thick; loosen dough, cover and let rest 5 minutes. Brush dough with melted butter or margarine and cut into strips 1½ inches wide. Pile 7 strips one upon the other and cut into 1½-inch lengths. Place each piece, a cut side up, in a greased muffin pan; separate the slices a little at the top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

4. CRESCENT ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 14-inch round; brush with melted butter or margarine and cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up each wedge of dough, beginning at the outside and rolling toward the point. Arrange, well apart, on greased cookie sheet; bend each roll into a crescent shape. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 12 rolls.



WHAT TO COOK IN YOUR BACK YARD

Continued from page 18

For real outdoor feasts try these

mouth-watering recipes for barbecue meats and the sauces
and garnishes to go with them

BY FRANCES HUCKS, CHATELAIN INSTITUTE

FOUR WAYS WITH STEAK

1 Broil the steaks on the open grill or the flat metal plate which is part of many outdoor cooking devices. Rub the surface first with a piece of fat held on the end of a long fork or a stick. Turn the steak carefully, cook until nearly done, then season with salt and pepper and serve with this barbecue sauce:

- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1 clove garlic, finely minced
- 2 tablespoons oil
- 1 can tomatoes (28-oz.) pressed through a sieve
- ¼ cup lemon juice or vinegar
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon fresh horseradish
- 1 teaspoon chili powder
- 1 bay leaf
- Other herbs and seasonings to taste

Cook the onion and garlic lightly in the oil, add the sieved tomatoes and other ingredients. Simmer gently, stirring frequently for 30 or 40 minutes or until as thick as desired. Remove bay leaf (garlic may be added whole and removed at this point if desired) and serve with the cooked meat. Or store in a covered jar and reheat before serving.

2 Let a clove of garlic stand in ½ cup of olive oil overnight. Just before cooking the meat pour the garlic oil into a shallow pan and dip the steak, coating both sides, and place on the open grill. Turn carefully with tongs or with your fingers (protected with heavy, clean white cotton gloves). When nearly done season with salt and black pepper, preferably freshly ground.

3 Sear the steaks quickly on the fat-rubbed grill over hot coals, turning carefully as above. Then baste with the following sauce during the cooking, using a clean paintbrush or a swab of clean white cloth tied on the end of a long-handled fork or a stick:

- ½ cup olive or other salad oil
- ½ cup vinegar
- 1 medium onion (grated or finely chopped)
- 1 clove garlic (may be omitted)
- ½ tablespoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper

Combine all ingredients in a covered jar. Stir or shake until salt is dissolved. Allow to stand overnight and shake again before using.

4 Allow steaks to stand for 20 to 25 minutes in the following sauce before

cooking them. If you like, baste with additional sauce during the cooking. Or cook the steaks first, then "dunk" in the heated sauce just before serving:

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups vinegar
- ½ cup water
- 1 cup tomato ketchup—or use ½ ketchup and ½ chili sauce
- ¼ cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1 small onion (minced or grated)
- 1 clove garlic
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- Few dashes of Tabasco
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- Salt and black pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients in a good-sized heavy saucepan. Stir over moderate heat until butter or margarine is melted and the mixture well combined. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for about 45 minutes. Cool and store in covered container in refrigerator until needed. This makes about 4 cups of sauce.

BARBECUE SPARERIBS

1 Cut spareribs in serving-size pieces or have the butcher do it for you. Rub both sides of each piece with a sage and flour mixture (2 tablespoons sage to 1 cup flour). Place on fat-rubbed grill over a slow fire—have them 12 to 15 inches above the coals. Cook slowly for 1 hour to 1½ hours, turning frequently and basting often with this sauce or a favorite mixture of your own:

- ½ cup olive oil
- ½ cup vinegar
- 1½ cups cold water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- 1 teaspoon hot mustard
- 1 teaspoon onion salt
- 1 teaspoon garlic salt

Combine all ingredients and shake or beat until thoroughly mixed.

2 Some prefer to barbecue-broil the ribs without basting, over a slow fire until well done—about 1½ hours—then serve with a barbecue sauce as in 1 under Four Ways with Steak.

TWO TRICKS WITH HAMBURGERS

1 Combine 1 teaspoon salt with 1½ pounds of ground round steak and form into four smooth firm patties about 1 inch thick. Dip in the special barbecue sauce given below and cook slowly on the fat-rubbed flat plate for about ½ hour, turning frequently with a pancake turner and basting with the sauce. If there is no flat plate on the barbecue, cup the edges of a sheet of aluminum

foil, put over the open grill and cook the hamburgers in the foil. Heat the remaining sauce and serve with the cooked patties.

½ cup fat (butter, margarine or salad oil)	¾ cup ketchup
1 medium onion, chopped	1½ cups water
1 clove garlic, minced	1 teaspoon salt
½ cup lemon juice	¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup Worcestershire sauce	1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
Few dashes of Tabasco	½ teaspoon chili powder
	¼ teaspoon oregano
	1 tablespoon sugar

2 Form the seasoned meat into 6 flat patties about the size of hamburger rolls and cook as above but without dipping in sauce.

Split 6 hamburger rolls and spread each half with a mixture made by creaming together ½ cup of butter or margarine and ½ cup Roquefort or blue cheese and seasoning with 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire or steak sauce.

Two or three minutes before the meat patties are cooked place the rolls, spread side up, on the flat metal plate or on a cookie sheet over the grill and toast them until lightly browned. Serve the meat patties between toasted halves of the rolls.

WIENERBARBS

Coat each wiener with butter, margarine or oil and cook on the flat grill, turning with tongs to brown evenly. Dip in the following barbecue sauce and serve in toasted or warmed split rolls with extra sauce spooned over the wiener:

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	2 tablespoons prepared mustard
1 medium onion, minced	1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 small green pepper, minced	1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar	¾ cup tomato ketchup

Melt butter or margarine over low heat, add minced onion and green pepper and cook until softened but not browned. Add the other ingredients, stir to combine and cook slowly for about 10 minutes or until as thick as desired. This makes enough for about 8 wieners.

BARBECUE BREAKFAST HAM

Put thin slices of ham on the flat grill, brown slightly on both sides, then baste with following sauce and turn several times until the ham is tender and the sauce flavor has penetrated well:

1 cup brown sugar	½ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon dry mustard	1 cup pineapple juice

Combine the brown sugar and mustard and add the vinegar. Heat and simmer for 3 or 4 minutes. Remove from the heat and add pineapple juice.

SHASHLIK

Sometimes called kabobs, these delicious morsels are cooked on long metal skewers or on pointed sticks cut from wood which is green enough that it will not burn during the cooking.

Cut lamb—from the shoulder or leg—in 1- or 1½-inch squares. Let stand overnight (or for at least 2 hours) in olive or other salad oil and lemon juice to

which have been added grated onion, a small bay leaf and a pinch of thyme. On each skewer or stick put a square of meat, a mushroom cap or a slice of onion and a thin square of bacon. Repeat until the skewer is filled, leaving a little space between each to allow for proper cooking. Season with salt and pepper and broil on the open charcoal grill, turning frequently until the meat is tender and richly browned.

TO SERVE WITH THE MEAT

POTATOES. Fill a bowl with crisp potato chips or bake potatoes on the spot. An easy way is to wrap each scrubbed, unpeeled potato in aluminum foil and toss it right into the glowing coals. Leave them there for 45 to 60 minutes or until tender, remove with long-handled tongs, split and serve with butter which has been creamed and combined with finely chopped chives, then chilled until firm again.

CORN. There are several outdoor ways to cook fresh, young corn on the cob: Husked and boiled in a large kettle of salted water set on the grill—just as you would cook it indoors.

Husked, wrapped in aluminum foil, tossed into the coals as suggested for potatoes or set toward the back or end of the grill where it cooks in reflected rather than direct heat.

Unhusked and roasted on the grill for 10 to 20 minutes depending on the distance from the fire. Turn frequently. To prepare the corn, turn back the husks enough to remove the silk, then replace husks and fasten with fine wire. You'll need a wire cutter and a pair of heavy gloves to husk and serve the corn while it is hot.

SALADS. Fill a low bowl with crushed ice and arrange crisp relishes in and on the ice: celery, green onions, carrot sticks, radishes, pepper rings, raw cauliflower flowerets, green and ripe olives. Fill a large compartment tray with finger salads: celery stuffed with savory cheese, deviled egg halves, quartered unpeeled tomatoes, cucumber wedges, whole sweet and sour pickles, sliced or sectioned dills.

Toss crisp greens in a huge wooden bowl, dress with French dressing just before serving. Experiment with greens and seasonings as you do with barbecue sauces. Use dandelion greens (in season), young beet tops, small spinach leaves, endive, chicory, pepper grass, as well as lettuce. The onion flavor might come from garlic, chives or even leeks, as well as from green onions. Season the dressing discreetly but with imagination: try basil, savory, nasturtium seeds, capers, Tabasco, paprika or what you like.

BREAD. Cut a crusty French loaf in thick diagonal slices almost, but not quite, through. Spread garlic-flavored butter or margarine between the slices and set the bread near the heat of the grill to allow the spread to melt and the flavor to permeate.

Slash hard crusty rolls almost through so they can be easily broken. Have melted butter in a shallow dish and let each person dip his own roll.

SOMETHING TO DRINK. Have a bucket of ice or a big vacuum jug with cold drinks chilling and/or a man-size coffee pot on the grill with mugs standing by to receive the brew. +



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LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING

Continued from page 20

fireboxes, work table and dish storage shelves, that are almost as complete as your kitchen stove. Some of them have adjustable and fold-up legs, and can be stashed away in the luggage compartment of your car to take along on camping and outdoor trips. You can add, if you like, outdoor ovens, hoods, hand or electric spits, upright fireboxes with basting troughs, and other refinements.

The braziers, with round firepots and grills, lack counter and work space but are most attractive in appearance and don't need quite as much elbow room. They look something like overgrown wheelbarrows and can be trundled around with a minimum of effort. One of the least expensive and most portable of these is the small, all-in-a-bucket design.

Remember, however, that it takes an hour or two to work up the right kind of glow for charcoal cooking, so that none of these grills or braziers are exactly suitable for the quick, side-of-the-road, pot-of-tea picnic routine. For that, say the experts, you can't beat a square of woven grillwork that you set directly over your fire.

A hand broiler, similar to the old-fashioned stove-top toaster, is useful to have on hand for smaller tidbits like hamburgers and hot dogs. You can grill these easily on both sides just by turning over the broiler. Long-handled forks and tongs are another help and iron skewers suggest all sorts of exotic, flaming-sword cookery.

To help you move the food outdoors there are handsome aluminum and wrought-iron carts, modernized versions of the old tea carts—light, slick and easy to manoeuvre.

Whether you cook your meals indoors or out you'll want to spend as much time as possible under the sun, moon and stars. Good outdoor furniture should answer certain requirements. It must be practical, easy to keep clean, simple to manipulate and store, resistant to wind, rain and sun, and quickly movable. Fortunately for us these functional requirements tend to simplify form, cut down work and upkeep, and generally please our sense of design. Good summer furniture rarely goes out of style so that we can afford to start with a few pieces and add more as our income and/or family increases.

Not so many years ago you engaged in a life-and-death struggle with a folding deck chair that pinched your fingers and raised your temper to choleric heights. Now you have sleek streamlined aluminum chairs and lounges, contoured in prize-winning designs, light as a feather, almost, and handled with push-button ease. New variations of plastics and other man-made fabrics sneer at sudden rainstorms and dye-lifting sunshine.

Certainly we can sit, lie or lounge outdoors in comfort and our choice will be limited only by our pocketbook and our taste. It is cheapest, of course, to sit. While wooden deck chairs are the least expensive, you have your choice of aluminum, iron, peel cane and rattan as well. The introduction of wrought iron for outdoor as well as indoor

furniture is a happy one and is part of the indoor-outdoor theme which has come up strongly in the past few years. Occasional chairs with iron frames and bright cushions can go back into the kitchen or dining nook with perfect aplomb when the season is over. Smart black iron and woven cane in natural coloring blend well into rustic settings. Some iron chairs and lounges utilize an allover metal grillwork for seats and backs and can be left outdoors to weather summer storms. These come in all sorts of gay colors, pink, yellow, green, and so forth, as well as in black and white.

Safari or butterfly folding chairs have interlocking triangular iron frames that suspend bright-colored canvas or duck covering that leaves you sitting on air. These kinds of slinglike and cone seats are found in several of the more modern cane and basket chairs, too, and make them good conversation pieces. Iron-piped TV stacking stools and tables, topped in glass or composition, transfer well from indoors to outdoors and the TV stools, padded in plastic, can serve as individual tables and trays. Wrought-iron accessories are legion, from tile-topped trays to stick-in-the-ground candle lanterns.

Both wood and aluminum chairs have been streamlined and fitted with new durable coverings, plastic materials or variations thereof, in webbed strips or straight lengths. A new finishing process for aluminum, which prevents it from blackening and smudging your hands, adds a little to the cost of some models. An old-fashioned hangover that fits happily into modern settings are lightweight, peel cane chairs from Singapore, with brass-tipped legs.

Gone is the Glider

Contour lounges and chairs show nice clean uncluttered lines. Some shift on a single swivel, adjusting themselves to a lying or sitting position with your own shift in weight. Make sure that none of the moving parts come in contact with the material covering, causing friction and wear. Many of these lounges have the material laced all around to the frame, others use strongly woven fibre over an iron core with a baked-on, weather-resistant finish. There are inexpensive folding sun cots with canvas covers and more solid wheeled lounges with separate cushions or mattresses. Mattresses should be taken in or covered at night, since even foam rubber absorbs a certain amount of moisture and nobody, so far, has been able to make upholstery seams waterproof.

Porch gliders, usually fairly cumbersome, have in general been replaced by the more easily portable lounge chairs and settees which provide the same soothing, rocking motion if they are made with strong, single-spring construction. Giant-sized sun umbrellas are popular with suburbanites who lack shade trees and they do add a colorful and decorative touch, especially if they have the new floral linings. And with or without trees, you can still have a hammock, supported by an iron stand.

The real news in garden and terrace furniture is the living and dining sets in wrought iron, rattan and cane which can give double service by moving into your games room or dining room in the fall. These are, of course, more expensive, but they are so charming you'll

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probably want to look at them and dream, even if you have to put them on your futures list. And since you would be living with this type of furniture a long time, it's advisable to take a good, hard, second look at it before you make your choice, just as you do with your more expensive inside pieces. You'll want to avoid fake and strictly faddy designs, and choose instead good lines and good construction. This leaves you plenty of scope to appreciate the grace notes that this kind of furniture can add to your daily life.

Inspiration for wrought-iron furniture comes from Italy, where it has reached its greatest flowering. Its delicate tracery of pattern, its graceful flowing loops and whirls create both an elegant and a lighthearted feeling that is enchanting. It suggests fountains, exotic greenery, flowering vines and long reaches of cool, tiled floors—a dream to delight the decorator in all of us. It comes in an amazing variety of colors—a strawberry - and - cream pink, for example, which has been matched with lush, mauve corduroy seat cushions, or a soft cocoa brown, or a kind of lizard-bronze green, as well as black or white. Your choice in coverings ranges all the way from rough tweedy fabrics, junglelike floral and leaf prints, narrow, multi-colored stripes to contrasting pipings on hard-wearing plain duck or canvas.

Wrought iron is also combined with woven cane and rush and in some cases wood, too. The use of woven cane, reed, rush and straw fabrics is a trend to watch, as you'll find it used increasingly in interior decoration as well.

Much of the wrought-iron furniture is imported but there are excellent locally made pieces, which are generally a little less expensive. You may not find quite such a variety of styles and colors in the local wrought-iron but you can probably have your heart's desire made to order.

Good wrought-iron furniture is processed against rust and you should have a clear understanding, before buying, just what rustproof guarantee goes with it.

Reed or rattan furniture is increasingly popular south of the border where the Far-Eastern influence, or what we used to know in the old days as Chinoiserie, is a result of the search for new and unusual furniture material, made possible by the reopening of trade routes since the end of the war. There is little of it in Canada yet but it's something to keep your eyes open for. Rattan, a hollow, jointed reed something like bamboo, although much stronger, can withstand outdoor hazards if pillows and upholstered parts are removed. But most of it is designed for under-cover use, on porches or in summer homes and, again, in games and rumpus rooms. Brass-tipped legs and woven cane inserts are used as contrasts to its smooth, rounded lines. Both wrought-iron and rattan, by the way, are making their appearances in bedroom furniture in the advanced design studios, and very charming they are there, too.

These summer furniture influences may seem a far cry from our original picnic, but it's all part of the light, airy feeling that is permeating a great deal of our furnishings these days.

Picnics are fun—especially in their new home setting, minus grit, minus ants, minus smoke in your eyes—but plus ease, comfort and accessibility. ♦

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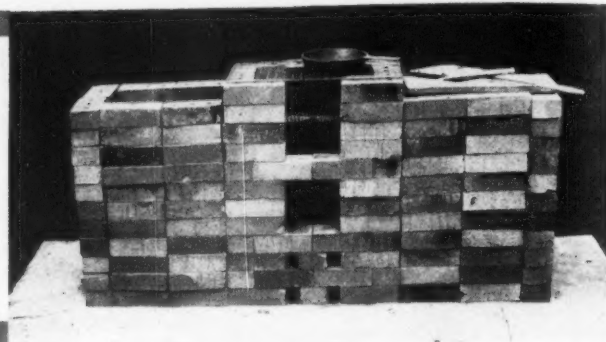
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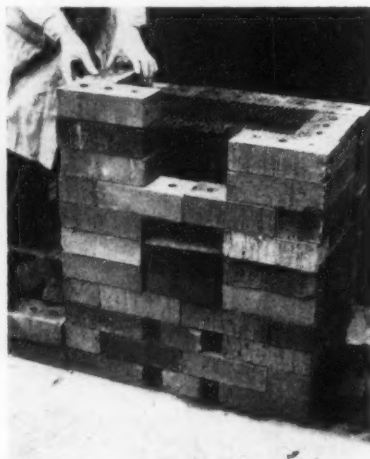
bricks without mortar

HOW TO BUILD A BACK YARD BARBECUE

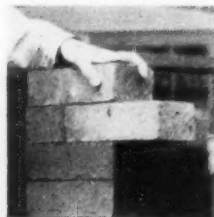
YOU HAVE A BACK YARD, a yen for outdoor cooking, an extra ten dollars and a couple of spare hours on your hands? That's all you'll need to build your own outdoor grill. You can start in the afternoon and have charcoal-broiled steaks for supper, using this dry-brick construction. For the grill alone (the centre section, in the photo below) you'll need ninety-six bricks (better buy a few more to allow for chipping or breaking), a piece of steel sand screen mesh and an inexpensive camp grid. To build the barbecue complete with side counters you'll need another one hundred and thirty-two bricks.



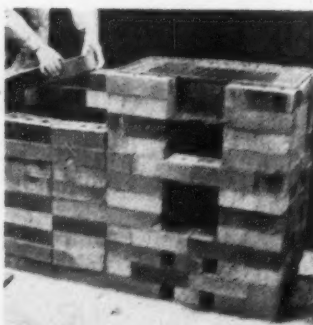
CHOOSE A GOOD, LEVEL SPOT in your garden, facing the prevailing winds and out of line with the direct rays of the late afternoon sun (you don't want to broil the cook for supper). If you want a permanent foundation, pour a cement platform first. But it's not necessary. You can build a smooth platform of loose bricks, extending about two feet in front and around your grill, or you can just build the grill.



FOR THE GRILL, start with a base three brick lengths long and two brick lengths deep. Your two front corner bricks are laid down the long way and the middle brick is turned so that its short side faces out—leaving space for the start of a good draft. The back and sides are built solidly all the way up—no holes. Lay your second course of bricks with the two front corners short face out and two long bricks in the middle. Repeat these two rows. Then pile three bricks one on top of each other—longways—for the two front corners, leaving the centre open. (In use, you can control draft by inserting one or two short bricks, as shown here.) Your eighth row of bricks starts with a short face on the corner and two long-face bricks cantilevered out and held firmly by the weight of bricks on top. Lay two more rows of bricks with the middle space left open and then put your steel mesh into place. Make it large enough to overlap the bricks so the weight of the top rows of bricks will hold it in place. This screen will hold your charcoal.



CANTILEVERED BRICKS are put in place by bearing down on brick above. Second brick above will then hold it firmly.



TO COMPLETE THE GRILL you lay two more courses of bricks on top of the screen and top off with your camp grid. A grid borrowed from your kitchen oven will do in a pinch.

TO BUILD SIDE COUNTERS (hollow for storing wood, paper and charcoal) you'll need one hundred and thirty-two bricks. Just stack them up two by two, eleven courses high, cover with counter boards, and there you are. Or if you prefer, you could build a side counter on one side only, and at right angles to grill . . . providing this will not block your draft.

SPREAD YOUR CHARCOAL on the wire mesh, stuff a good quantity of paper below it, light the match and—*bon appétit!*

"Bib 'n Tucker" Meals

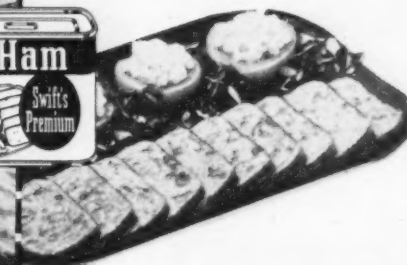
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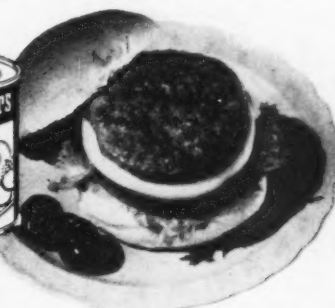
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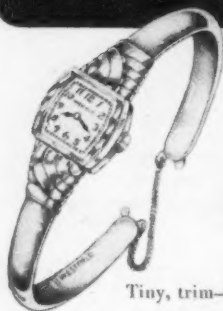
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GARDENING



SO YOU THINK YOU CAN'T GROW LILIES

*It's a myth that lilies need the tropics — they'll
thrive right here in Canada if you plant them properly*

BY HELEN O'REILLY

THE FIRST TIME I saw Madonna lilies growing outdoors in Ontario I was stunned. To me real lilies were something exotic in Italian paintings, something tropical grown here only in greenhouses by professionals, and now I find I was just about four hundred years behind the times.

The news that lilies grow in Canada was brought back to Paris and London shortly after Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence in 1535. The lily that was then found blooming here is now known wherever lilies grow as *Lilium canadense* and it is one of the lilies I want you to try.

For while I have been a bit slow to appreciate the possibilities of lilies in Canadian gardens, the whole glorious field of the true lily has been opening up at a tremendous rate. Lily news is being made each season by the hybridizers who are constantly producing sturdier and more exotic-looking lilies that the ordinary gardener can grow in the hardy perennial border. Now it's July is the time for you to see these new beauties in flower; now is the time to plan your own proud display for next summer.

A true lily is "a perennial, erect, leafy-stemmed herb, with an underground scaly bulb." Catalogues list true lilies under the Latin name *lilium* which seems a bit affected until you think of all the flowers that are called lilies and aren't: water lilies, lilies of the valley, plantain lilies, calla lilies—there are well over a hundred such popular names. Some of these so-called lilies do not even belong to the lily

family (*liliaceae*) which includes among its two thousand members such unexpected plants as the onion, grape hyacinth, tulip, trillium and asparagus.

True lilies grow, then, from scaly bulbs of various shapes and sizes; all of them send down basal roots and most of them have stem roots as well which reach out from the single flower stem above the bulb and just below the surface of the soil. These bulbs are never dormant as daffodil and tulip bulbs are—that is one reason why lilies are considered difficult to grow, for if their bulbs are treated as dormant instead of as living roots, they die. They must be dug, therefore, only when they are ripe and they must be shipped quickly and handled with care. All this makes them expensive in comparison with other bulbs but remember that they will give you ten to twenty times the flowers!

Because lily bulbs should not be out of the ground a minute longer than necessary, the best plan is to place your order as soon as you have decided which and how many lilies you want, find out when you are likely to get them, and then prepare the place for them. Madonna lily bulbs are ready for planting in late August or early September but the other lily bulbs are only ready in the fall so that those from Holland often do not reach here until November. They can be planted as late as it is still possible to get them into the ground. If you will mulch the place you dig for them very heavily to keep the surface from freezing, your bulbs can

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be popped into their permanent homes as soon as they arrive.

If you get your lily bulbs from a reliable firm (and it would be money down the drain not to), they will be shipped to you packed in peat moss. This should be kept moist and cool, but not frozen, until you can plant the bulbs. If by any horrible mischance you can't plant them this fall, pot the bulbs and keep them in a cool, nonfreezing cellar or room until early spring.

As to the place you prepare for them, the requisites for the well-grown lily are good drainage, good porous soil, and a good circulation of air.

Not many perennials will thrive in soggy soil, of course, but lilies planted in a wet place will get bulb rot before you can say *fusarium*! You may imagine how vital drainage is when I tell you that old hands at lily growing talk of setting bulbs over inverted flower pots, or planting them on their sides to keep water out of their crowns, or putting them in a pocket of sand. I am dead against all these tricks but I do recommend placing lilies on a slope or terrace so that not only drainage is sure to be adequate but the air will be circulating constantly.

The rule of thumb for lily growing is "heads in the sun and feet in the shade," so choose a place in the sun for your lilies. Since lilies grow happily with any shallow-rooted companions, plant annuals or ground cover around them to keep their roots cool and save you weeding—for instance, phlox subulata, perennial candytuft or violas.

Pick the spot for your lilies; then dig it thoroughly and mix compost such as leafmold or very ancient manure or peat moss (but never fresh manure) into the soil and you are ready to plant. When you order your bulbs find out whether they are the kind that make stem roots or not because that fact determines the depth you should plant them. As soon after they arrive as possible, plant them lovingly, guarding their roots and scales from bruising, for those basal roots will pull down each bulb to its correct depth, those leaflike scales will feed each bulb until it reaches above ground for nourishment next spring.

Most lilies should be planted with their tops five or six inches deep to leave room for their stem roots but here again the lovely Madonna lilies are the exception. They should be planted with their tops not more than an inch below the soil level, for they have no stem roots. Set your Madonna bulbs very straight

so that their tall, gorgeously flowered stems will stand perfectly erect.

As to the care of lilies, believe it or not, it should be practically nil! Once your lilies are planted successfully, leave them there for, with lilies, position is literally everything. If they are in a place where they are happy, they thrive; if not, there is really nothing you can do to make them grow. A bulb placed in soggy ground may bloom bravely the first year while all the time basal rot is setting in.

The other dangers to lilies are botrytis and mosaic. The first is a fungus that attacks the leaves in humid weather and it is the reason why free circulation of air is so important. The treatment for it is the familiar solution of copper sulphate and quicklime sprayed on the leaves. Mosaic used to be the lily grower's bugbear because it is a virus disease of the sap which infects the whole plant and cannot be cured. It is carried from plant to plant by aphids and, whether you have lilies or not, these pests should be kept out of the garden with any nicotine spray. But nowadays the new hybrid lilies are so highly resistant, if not fully immune, to disease that lily troubles may be compared to tuberculosis in humans—nearly all are exposed to infection but the healthy, happy, and well-nourished are not in imminent danger.

One of the hardy lilies I want you to try is called in the catalogues either *L. (for lilium) pumilum* or *L. tenuifolium*, but in English the Siberian Coral Lily. It is a dwarf lily with small nodding flowers that look as though they were made of lacquer-red sealing wax. Then there is our own Canada lily (*L. canadense*) whose hanging bells are golden yellow, and a glorious hybrid Madonna lily called *L. candidum* Cascade Strain that bears its torrent of pure white flowers on three-foot stems. From Ottawa comes the Stenographer Series of beautiful hybrids produced by Miss Isabella Preston and named by her after the girls in the office of the Central Experimental Farm, so that the names of Brenda Watts and Edna Kean and the others will live in lily gardens long after they are lost forever in the marriage registry. And of course you must have a regal lily with its proud white trumpet flowers, but play it safe with the hybrid *L. regale* Creelman, another Canadian creation which, like the other hybrids, has all the heart's ease and none of the headaches of its elegant but more vulnerable parents. +

LOVE OF AN ARTIST

Continued from page 16

fall on the street, an earthquake to shake it up, a flood to wash it away, but nothing ever happened to change it and of that, too, he was forever accusing it. Reactionary, he would say, stodgy, blind, but his voice would be lost in the roar of traffic while the showcase windows of the Fifty-seventh Street galleries went on presenting their bland impervious fronts to the world. And the bitterness of it was that he who loathed it, despised it, must court the street, must offer it his best, must be rejected by it. Someday it would be different, Judy was fiercely con-

vinced, someday Fifty-seventh Street would come courting Leo.

"I wonder which painting they've taken," she ventured hopefully.

"Neither," he gave the answer she expected. "They'll both be rejected as usual." She looked up at him, at his serious hurting eyes under dark brows, his sensitive mouth, hard-set now, a quick-silver face that could turn from gaiety to despair with the flick of a mood. "Maybe if I live long enough they'll be accepted someday. Let's see, Matisse is in his eighties—If I had any brains, as your family and mine always say, I'd give up painting."

"You could give up painting about as easily as you could give up breathing," Judy said.

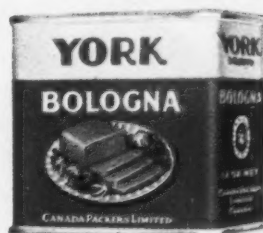
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give that up, too." His tone was grim but he smiled down at her suddenly, seeing the anxious grey eyes, the small earnest face framed by light brown hair, uncurled and fine, little-girl hair. "I'm sorry, baby," he said.

"Oh, darling, it'll all work out, if you'll just be patient, wait—"

"I'm sick of waiting," his voice was harsh again. "If the paintings are rejected today, that means there's nowhere to show them until fall, and I'm not going to wait around another year just for the pleasure of being told 'no' by Fifty-seventh Street. I'll give up painting first." Leo was always threatening to give up painting.

"Please," she said, "let's not talk about it now."

At the doorway of Prince's Gallery on Fifty-seventh Street they paused. A year ago Judy had taken over the job of showing Leo's paintings, to bring him luck, Leo said. She hadn't been any luckier than Leo, but over the months she had begun to understand what it was like for a painter to see his canvases, the flesh and blood of his imagination, spread out against the cold impersonal gallery walls waiting to be judged by the judicial eyes of gallery directors, and she was glad the job had fallen to her.

This was her third visit to Prince's Gallery. In Leo's eyes Prince's was the best, and the name of its director, Paul Garrison Prince—famous in the world of art for nearly fifty years—had become a symbol to Leo of all he most wished to attain. In the fall Judy had brought four paintings to Prince's in the hope that the gallery might give Leo a one-man show.

"Fat chance," Leo had said, "fat chance." But he had carried the paintings up on the subway, had waited outside until she brought them down again.

"He liked them," she'd told Leo hurriedly, before he could say anything himself, "especially the one of the park with the children in it. He thought it showed so much—"

"Promise," said Leo. "That's the word. Did you see old man Prince?"

"No, he was busy with a customer in the back room. I saw his assistant, Mr. Benson. They're all tied up now with shows. But he suggested we come back in the spring. They're going to have a competitive show of young painters. You can submit two, but only one can be hung. He thought you'd have a good chance because your paintings are so—"

"I know, don't tell me. I don't want to hear it," he'd shouldered the paintings grimly and they'd gone home. In the spring, running low on canvas, he'd painted over the paintings that Mr. Benson said showed promise and these two new ones Judy had submitted two weeks ago for Prince's forthcoming Young Moderns show.

"Here's luck, darling," said Judy. She pressed his hand hurriedly and opened the door. Leo didn't say anything, just smiled at her faintly, then ambled over to look in a shop window. She knew he wasn't seeing anything but the paintings and their probable fate.

Prince's was on the second floor. At the back of the small hallway was a tiny self-service elevator and a short narrow flight of stairs. Out of a nervous impatience she chose the stairs, but halfway up she stopped and drew a deep breath. Oh, God, please let it be

accepted, please. But even as she prayed, she doubted. The pattern of defeat was too old, running through their lives like a dark thread. Already she could feel today's no. It wasn't the way it used to be back home. Somehow, it seemed to her, remembering, that in those days she had gotten everything she prayed for. Was it because then she had prayed for other things, simple things?

Mr. Benson was behind his small desk when she came breathlessly into the front room of the gallery. He was a round-faced, pleasant man, skilled in the art of graceful negatives. In all the length and breadth of Fifty-seventh Street there were variations of Mr. Benson, many less pleasant, none more accomplished than he.

"Hello, Mr. Benson. I've come to find out about my husband's paintings for the Young Moderns show."

Mr. Benson looked up, his eyes focusing on her through the rounds of his glasses, an automatic smile tracing his lips. He began to thumb through a small card file. "How do you do, Mrs.—ah—let me see, how was that name spelled?" He was making his usual smiling pretense.

"With an S," said Judy coldly, "as in Smith—Leonardo Smith."

"Of course," said Mr. Benson, all energy in the card file now.

Mr. Benson took out two white cards. Across the front of each was a thick harsh line made by a black crayon. He got up and walked across to a pile of framed canvases, leafed through them and lifted out two, the shape and size of which Judy recognized. He brought them back and set them face against the desk. They leaned there mutely, dejectedly. On the white cards attached to the backs of the paintings was the same black mark. It was not necessary for Mr. Benson to tell her its meaning. She knew it before he opened his mouth, before the careful, well-rounded words sounded, "So sorry the jury didn't quite see its way clear... so many submitted this year... choice very difficult... mustn't be discouraged... paintings show real promise... try us again next year..."

She stood looking down at the paintings, seeing Leo working on them, whistling as he painted, cutting down the frames to fit, filling out the entry blanks—"Of course they won't get in," but he had hoped. Was still hoping. Outside on the pavement he waited, hoping. And she knew she couldn't tell him, couldn't kill that hope, this time it might die forever. Without stopping to think any more about it she said to Mr. Benson, "I'll come back tomorrow for the paintings," and walked out of the room and down the stairs.

He was standing in front of an antique shop, seemingly absorbed in the objects on display, but he saw her instantly and came toward her. She saw his eyes drop to her empty hands. "Where are the paintings?" he asked, his voice quick, hard.

She drew a deep breath, "They kept them," she said.

"You mean they—accepted—?"

"Yes."

"Both of them?"

"One for the show," she stumbled a little over the words, "and one because they want some client to look at it—they—they thought your work showed great—"

"Promise!" the word burst out of him like a blare from a trumpet. He seized her around the waist, held her close, "Baby, it's so wonderful! You brought me luck, it's because of you." He was kissing her now, not caring about the curious who passed, stared, smiled a little in passing. She leaned against him, spent, exhausted.

"You're shivering, baby," he cried, "what's the matter?"

"I'm excited," she murmured.

"No wonder," he took her arm now, led her along the street toward Fifth Avenue. "Your husband is going to be famous. This is only the beginning. There'll be a review, mine might get a mention, might even get a prize in the show, might even be sold! After that I might get a gallery—maybe even, Prince's—to give me a one-man show!"

His voice had a wild exuberance, his feet spurned the pavement, as if they felt a celestial tug from his head which traveled high above the stars. The sickness grew inside her. Liar, traitor, betrayer. How could she ever tell him now, kill the joy in his eyes and heart?

"You're shivering again, darling, what's the matter? Are you cold?"

"No, yes, just—just excited."

Couldn't he tell she had lied? But she could see he couldn't, he believed it all. He had never heard anything but truth from her, it would never occur to him that she would give him anything less than that.

"Here," he said, taking her arm again, "here's the subway. Come down to earth, baby, you were walking right past the entrance. I suppose," laughing, "from now on the subway won't be good enough, we'll have to travel by taxi."

As they started down the subway steps he said, "We've got to celebrate, darling. This is a big day. Let's go to Giovanni's for dinner and order everything on the menu."

"Yes, let's," said Judy faintly, but she couldn't hear what he answered, she seemed to be drowning and the waters were drumming in her ears.

Giovanni's was a small restaurant just off Washington Square where the food was good and not very expensive. That night it was warm and crowded and noisy and the smell of garlic lay like a heavy benediction over everything. The long, narrow room was bare and a little dingy, but the tables were covered with gay red-and-white checked tablecloths and each plate wore a clean white napkin arranged like a chef's hat. Giovanni didn't approve of paper napkins.

Leo, as a G.I., had known Giovanni's home town in Italy and they were always telling one another outrageous jokes partly in Italian partly in English. As soon as Giovanni heard Leo's good news, immediately shared with him, he took charge of their dinner, ordering *antipasto*, spaghetti *Marinera*, veal scallopini and a special eggplant dish Leo loved. Without waiting for them to order he brought them their favorite cocktails, old-fashioned without sugar. On the round tin tray with the cocktails was a bottle of Chianti, gay in its little wicker frame.

"You will drink," he said laughing down at them, "and you will be happy and you will make love. That is the way when you are young and success has come. The Chianti is from Giovanni, you must drink it all."

"Then you must drink with us," Leo lifted the bottle from the tray.

The warmth of the old-fashioned and then the wine stealing through her, for the moment at least, melted the hard lump in her throat, lifted briefly the heaviness in her stomach. She found herself talking brightly, gaily, joining in the uproarious laughter, and the terrible thing she had done faded into the background of her consciousness.

But walking home through the intimate darkness of the little park at Washington Square, the exhilaration of the wine wearing off in the cold night air, Judy began to think about it again. Wild thoughts played around in her mind. She saw herself stealing some money—she didn't know how this was to be accomplished, paying an uptown gallery the cost of a one-man show, then giving herself up, telling the police and reporters she had done it to gain recognition for a genius whom the world refused to discover. She saw Leo's name in all the papers, in Life, saw publicity catapulting him into fame, and knew all the while how Leo would hate it and that she couldn't do it anyway. But she had to do something, she thought, climbing the four flights to their walk-up apartment, and it had to be something desperate to offset such a desperate lie.

In the morning she awakened before Leo. While the water boiled for the coffee she bathed and dressed. He was still asleep when she came back to the bed. "Darling, wake up. I've got to go to work." He mumbled, opened his eyes. "I'm going to eat my breakfast now, darling." Usually she waited until he joined her, today she didn't want to face him.

It was two-thirty that afternoon when Judy walked into Prince's Gallery, having asked for time off from her job. Leo, with a class to teach, wouldn't be home until five, she had plenty of time to do what she had come to do.

Mr. Benson was sitting behind his desk as usual. The pile of rejected paintings in the corner had dwindled.

"I've come for my husband's paintings, Mr. Benson."

Mr. Benson looked up at her. There was a surprised expression on his face. "That was Leonardo Smith, wasn't it?" He hadn't forgotten this time.

"Yes."

"Your husband picked them up this morning."

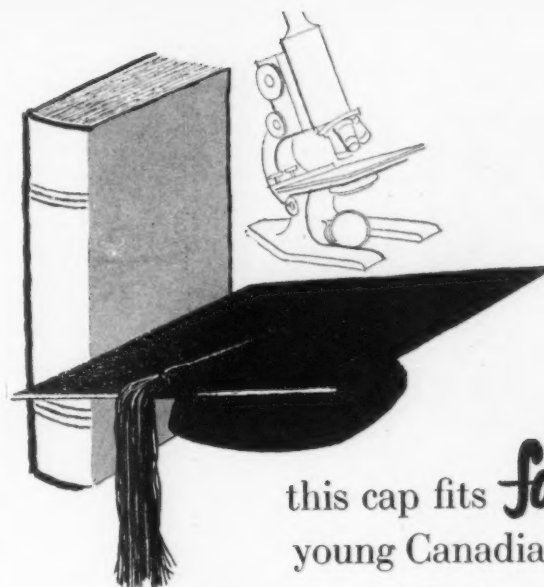
"He — picked — them — up?" The shock made it hard for her to speak. She forgot the plans she had made. All she could think of was Leo, Leo and the rejected paintings, Leo's shock and despair.

"Yes," Mr. Benson kept his eyes on some white cards in his hand, kept fiddling with them. "There must have been a slight mistake. He thought they'd been accepted. I had to explain to him. He took them with him. I told him how much we regretted—that we thought they showed great promise—to come back and see us in the fall—"

"Stop! I don't want to hear any more."

She saw Mr. Benson look up, heard him say quickly, "Now, Mrs. Smith, really we can't—"

But her voice rose, drowning out Mr. Benson's vague rabbit cries, she ignored the protest of his feebly waving hands. Through her sick unreality, she had a sense of someone else listening.



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someone who had come in when she began to speak and remained quietly there behind her vision, a presence only.

"I don't want to hear anything more about *promise, ever*," she cried, "or about coming back next fall, or next spring, or next anything! We'll never come back! It's too late. You'll never have another chance at Leo. You pretend to be in business to discover young artists. How do you think they're discovered? By rejecting them until they've painted their souls out and there's nothing left? You aren't willing to take a chance on anyone. You've got to be sure, you've got to know you can't lose, somebody who's arrived enough for you to feel safe, or somebody who's painting in the fashion, so he's safe, too, and that makes you safe. That's all you want, you don't care about art, or young artists, not really, only your smug security. You don't make any big mistakes that way, but let me tell you something, you don't make any big successes, either. How many important new artists has Prince's discovered in the last ten years? Or Fifty-seventh Street, for that matter?"

The figure that had been standing in the background walked into her vision now, a tall elegant old man in a dark pin-striped suit. He had a long lined face with hooded eyes like a turtle's.

"And what makes you think your husband is worth discovering?" he demanded. "Why is he any different from the hundreds of other aspiring young painters who haven't made the grade? Tell me that, please." His voice was challenging, it cut across hers.

She leaned against the desk and looked up at him, a cold face, un-

friendly. She took a deep breath.

"I know something about art," she said. Her voice was low now. "I didn't know much when I married, but I made up my mind I was going to learn. So now I go to exhibitions, I read the reviews, art magazines and art books, and I read about the lives of painters. But this isn't something I've learned, it's something I know instinctively, I don't mean just the instinct of a wife. It goes deeper than that. Leo's an artist, a genius. I know it. Someday Prince's will remember that, remember that they were too blind to see, too blind and too selfish."

"Mrs. Smith!" exploded Mr. Benson, "this is Mr. Prince, you are talking to Mr. Prince!"

"I'm glad," she said quietly. "I wanted to talk to Mr. Prince. I intended to talk with him. I was going to tell him all those things. So he'd know. So he'd understand just what he'd missed. I read a book about Picasso, Mr. Prince, you've probably read it. Picasso said that in the early years there are so few people who understand, and later when everyone admires you there are still the same few who understand, just as few as before. That's what you can remember, Mr. Prince," her eyes clashed with his cold ones, "that in the early days the great Mr. Prince didn't understand either."

She turned around, walked past Mr. Prince and toward the door.

"Wait!" He came up to her, stood looking down at her again, "where are these paintings you brought to us?"

"My husband came for them this morning." Oh, Leo, her heart cried,

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Oh, Leo, what have I done to you? She could see Leo's white drawn face before her, judging her, the wife whom he had trusted, believed in. Oh, Leo, Leo. She felt Mr. Prince's hands holding her, supporting her against him, heard his voice dimly, "Benson, get a chair, you dolt, she's going to faint."

"No, I'm not," she said from a great distance, "I just—just want a drink of water—"

Benson brought her a chair and eased her into it.

"Drink this," said Mr. Prince.

"No, I don't want—"

He poured the brandy down her throat. She choked, swallowed, choked again. The brandy was molten fire in her veins. The dizziness began to clear and she no longer felt as if she were going to faint. "Better?" he asked.

"Yes, much better, thank you." She stood up. "I guess it was because I haven't eaten anything today. I'm sorry—"

"Never mind. Benson, call a cab, I'm going to take Mrs.—?"

"Smith," said Benson.

"Mrs. Smith home," finished Mr. Prince.

"Oh, no, I don't want—"

"It doesn't make the slightest difference what you want," said Mr. Prince coldly. "You have made certain allegations, young lady. I'm going to take you home and I'm going to look at the paintings of this genius. We shall see what we shall see." His tone was ironic and the look he flashed her out of his strange lidded eyes was not friendly, but she found that her dislike for this arrogant old man was not quite as violent as it had been.

In the taxi after asking her address he said, "Benson tells me you told your husband the paintings had been accepted. Why?"

"Because—because, well, I couldn't tell him no again. He's had so many rejections, I thought another one would be very bad for him. He's reached a point where he desperately needs encouragement. My instinct was to tell him something that would encourage him and then make it come true."

"Instinct seems to be a strong point with you."

"Yes, it is," she said defiantly.

"And how did you propose to get out of this situation?"

"I didn't know. I—I was desperate. I thought about coming up to see you, asking you to buy a picture which I would pay for myself. If I worked nights on my job I could soon save enough. I thought of all kinds of things, but it doesn't matter now, it's too late."

"What do you mean, too late?"

"He knows now, Leo knows. Everything I've tried to do is undone, he's probably more discouraged than ever. He won't believe in anything any more, he won't even believe in me."

"Stop crying," said Mr. Prince coldly. "Tears have no effect on my judgment of paintings, I assure you. You might as well save your tears for later."

"I'm not trying to influence you," she cried furiously. She took a tissue out of her handbag, blew her nose hard, wiped her eyes. "You're too selfish and blind to understand art when you see it, anyway. I don't know why you bother to come and look."

"Selfish, yes, blind, no. Let me ask you this, why did you and your husband

come to Prince's in the first place?"

"Because—well, Leo thinks it's a good gallery."

"Exactly. It is a good gallery, in fact, it's the best. My judgment has been respected in the art world for almost fifty years. It, too, is the best. Your husband knew that."

"Leo feels that way about painting, he wants to be the best. He told me he'd never be satisfied to be second best, he'd give up painting first."

"I see. Very praiseworthy. So he

lets you support him, lets you take his paintings around to galleries, while he sits home trying to become the 'best.'"

"That isn't true. It isn't like that at all. He teaches part-time at the Ordway School and I work in a publishing house. I like my job, too. Leo could teach full-time if he wanted, but if he did he'd turn into an art teacher, a Sunday painter. If he's going to be a painter, his painting has to come first, before everything else, even before me."

Mr. Prince gave her an odd side

glance, "So you know that, do you? And when did you come to Prince's?"

"Leo went there first of all, of course. Then I took over last fall to bring him luck, and again this spring. I haven't brought him any, though."

"And you believe the paintings you brought us for this show were good enough to be shown in spite of the jury's decision?"

"Yes I do, I know they were."

"We shall see," said Mr. Prince, as the taxi drew up and stopped in front



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of their shabby apartment building. "It's four flights up," Judy was apologetic.

"There's nothing wrong with my heart, Mrs. Smith," he said grimly. "It's neither warm, soft, nor weak. Lead on."

When they reached the top floor, Mr. Prince was still behind her, wheezing a little, but keeping pace. Inside the apartment he gave a quick look around. The big, bare room which they used as living room, dining room and studio, was dominated by Leo's easel, his table with its jars of brushes and pencils, the tall cabinet he'd built to hold the rest of his supplies. A drop-leaf table, four straight chairs, a sofa and a bookcase made up the rest of the furnishings, but the room was given warmth and character by the paintings on the walls, the bindings of the books overflowing the bookcase. Opening off their one big room was a tiny bedroom, hidden now by a half-shut door. Behind the bedroom was the kitchenette and bath.

Mr. Prince began to walk around the room, stopping in front of each painting and studying it. When he had completed the round, he hung his hat on Leo's easel and began to go through the unframed canvases stacked beside it. Judy, still wearing her hat and coat, stood watching him. She found it hard to believe that the great Mr. Prince was actually here, in Leo's studio, going through Leo's paintings. How excited Leo would be. She wished desperately that he were here to state his own case, to answer this difficult old man as she felt inadequate to do.

"I presume," said Mr. Prince, "that these are the two paintings your husband submitted to us?"

Judy's eyes followed Mr. Prince's lean, pointing finger. One painting lay on the floor by the easel, the other leaned drunkenly against it. They had been taken out of their frames and slashed relentlessly until the canvas hung in strips from the wooden stretchers. White-faced, Judy looked from the paintings into Mr. Prince's grim old eyes. Violence was in those ripped canvases, she could feel the echo of it in the room. She began to tremble.

"Excuse me," she said to Mr. Prince. She ran to the telephone, dialed the school where Leo should be teaching. When the school switchboard answered she asked with dry lips to speak to Mr. Leo Smith.

"Just a moment, please," said the operator. There was a pause. Presently the voice said, "Mr. Smith hasn't been here today. If you would care to call him at his home, I can give you—"

Judy hung up, turned to Mr. Prince, who was holding one of the ripped canvases in his hand, fitting together the torn pieces. "He isn't there," she said, "he hasn't been there all day."

"That's quite natural. You wouldn't expect him to go today, not after what has happened."

"But where is he? Something might — might have happened—" She was still trembling.

"Stop worrying," said Mr. Prince, "and pay attention to me for a moment. When we have some things settled we'll go and find your Leo. What makes you think he's ready for a one-man show?"

She moistened her lips, straightened

up, made a visible effort to think. "Well," she said slowly, "I think he's reached the stage where he's got to have the encouragement of something definite to work for. I know struggle and adversity is good up to a certain point, but I think Leo is past that point. I think if he is to go ahead and grow he needs help and hope now. He's done so much on his own for so long. I think he needs somebody to believe in him, somebody besides me, I mean. It would strengthen his belief in himself again. I think his work would — would, well, get stronger, firmer, more — more sure. I'm not putting it very well."

"Yes, you are putting it very well. I see exactly what you mean, and it is just possible that such encouragement would bring about the maturity he needs. It is just possible, I say. With some painters it isn't necessary to show, to compete, to find material success, they go on creating inexhaustibly out of themselves, always growing what they need from within. In Europe—"

"I know," she cut in. "Leo's told me about that. In Europe some painters don't even show their work, just go on painting for the love of it. But Leo says that it's different in America. Over here we're geared to competition, we believe in material success, and when that's in your bones and blood from the time you're born, well, then you can't help wanting what every American wants. Leo says that in Paris, for instance, every painter has a chance to show his paintings in the salon they have there twice a year, without any jury or anything, and every painting submitted is hung. The young painter has a chance of reviews, a chance of sales, and at least his work is seen. But here there aren't enough shows or places to show and there's the awful competition."

"The principal thing the art world lacks," said Mr. Prince, "is money. If enough people in this country bought paintings, every painter could make a living. You know, of course, that if your husband's work is good enough and he keeps trying long enough, it will find recognition in spite of the competition."

"But sometimes it takes a painter all his life, sometimes he's old, sometimes even, he's dead. It isn't right. I can't believe it's right to go through all your life like that, to have to suffer so when you're young!"

"Sometimes it is right. We are not always the best judges of what is right for us. In the long run it is God who knows best."

Judy looked at Mr. Prince in surprise, she hadn't expected him to be religious.

"When your Leo is as old as I am he will see what I mean. But not now, he's too young and impatient to be a philosopher. Well," he gestured at the paintings, "you are right, there is talent here. Genius? I am not sure of that. We shall see." Abruptly he turned to her, "If I give him a show that's no guarantee it will be a success, or that he will make any money, or that the critics will be kind. They, too, do not always recognize genius, you know. You'll have to make him see that."

"You—you mean—?"

"Yes, I will give him a show," he flashed her a quick glance from his heavy eyes, his thin mouth curled slightly into a half smile. "Don't thank me," as she started to speak. "I'm a very selfish man, I'm doing this for my own

reasons. As you said so aptly, it has been a long time since Prince's has discovered any artist of importance. After all, I can hardly afford to miss such an opportunity. We will see whether it is love or Fifty-seventh Street which has been blind." His tone was sardonic, but he was frankly smiling at her now.

He picked up his hat from the easel and moved toward the door, she opened it and he stood in the doorway, "You will tell your young man to come and see me tomorrow. He has a lot of painting to do, none of these quite measure up to what he can do, so he must paint me enough paintings for a show. I think we will take the last two paintings as his theme, they are his best, so far. Naturally, he chose to mutilate the best ones, the gesture of a genius—well, you may be right, after all. We shall see. In any event, tell him to come and see me tomorrow and we'll make the arrangements."

"Yes, I'll tell him, but—" suddenly a thought struck her, "I don't know where he is, I don't know what may have happened—oh, Mr. Prince, I've hurt him so," her face broke up and the tears began to roll down her cheeks, "I love him so much and he must think I've betrayed him—"

"Nonsense," he took her cold little hands in his. "By this time he knows, if he didn't know it before, that he has a rather remarkable wife, a rare thing in this world. He knows that he has talent, perhaps genius. You think so and—well, dammit, girl, so do I. He knows he is going to have the recognition he wants, a thousand times better than one painting in a group show. Oh, yes, he knows all these things and he should be a very happy young man. Now, go and tell him so for me, my dear." And at her look of bewilderment, "in the bedroom, in the bedroom," he was actually laughing now, soundlessly, the wrinkles in his old face stretched into new lines, the hooded eyes warm and shining. He lifted one little cold hand, the one with the plain gold wedding ring on the fourth finger, and touched it to his lips. "If I were twenty years younger," he said, "I'd be there myself, we'd send your young man off on a painting trip to Rome. With art as his mistress he doesn't need love, too. Well, well, I'm not twenty years younger. So, go to him, my dear, and tell him to come to the gallery tomorrow." He released her hand gently, clapped his hat on his head and wheezed down the stairs.

She shut the door and turned around. Leo was standing in the open doorway of the bedroom. His tie was off, he was in his shirtsleeves and his dark hair was rumpled as if he had just gotten out of bed. They looked at each other across the room, across the world.

"Leo—!"

He held out his arms. She ran into them. "Oh, Leo, Leo," she buried her face on his breast. His arms crushed her against him, his mouth was hard on hers and the dreadfulness faded away.

"Did you really think I could ever stop loving you, baby?"

"I was afraid—"

"No," he shook his head. "I don't think I ever realized until today how much I loved you. After I got over the first awful shock, after I'd come home and slashed the paintings, hating you, hating the world, hating myself,



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I lay there on the bed and thought about you and it came to me then how much harder it was for you and why you had done it. I knew then how much you loved me, how much I loved you. I thought, the hell with painting, I've got the most wonderful thing in the world, my wife. When I heard you come in I was going to tell you so, but then there was this man with you, so I waited—"

"Oh, Leo," she twisted out of his arms, looked at him with shining face, "you heard! Isn't it wonderful!"

But he pulled her back into his arms, not listening, seeing only her, nothing else in between. That was the way Leo was. Whatever he did, he did with intensity and his whole heart. Tomorrow he would begin to paint with the same intensity, the same excitement. He would look at her then and not see her, he would be lost in that other world of his where nothing else mattered but the communion between himself and what was growing on his canvas. Tomorrow he would be the painter and she, the painter's wife. But tonight she was his world, as he had always been hers, nothing else existing, and with this she was content. +

AN ACTRESS TELLS HER BEAUTY SECRETS

Continued from page 15

make-up. The skin care routine she finally developed for herself was simple but effective and one that any woman regardless of skin type can use to keep her complexion youthfully smooth and soft.

Like most actresses Toby loves talking shop but she has her pet likes in other fields, too, the same as any other young woman her age. She reads "light stuff" and is fond of good music, not critically, but as a background for "thinking, working or just day-dreaming."

She also designs and sews many of her own clothes and costumes and when time permits takes ballet lessons. At present she's devoting some of her spare time teaching her brother Lionel, who is fifteen, to dance.

Since Tempest, which marked Toby's debut as a professional actress, she's had big parts and small parts in theatres all over Ontario and in 1951 did her

most exciting season of summer stock with Michael Sadlier and Bruce Yorke in Bermuda.

She thinks her most difficult role to date was Georgina, in Dream Girl, produced recently by the Crest Theatre, first repertory company to form in Toronto in thirty years. In this play Toby had to be onstage almost throughout the entire three acts and her part required many lightning-fast costume changes.

On November 5, 1952, just a few months after she got her B.A., Toby became Mrs. William Freedman. Since then her life's been even busier than it was when she was trying to combine a college curriculum and acting career. Now she must fit housekeeping in between rehearsals. However, her husband helps make her double role easier by "batching it" when she's tied up night and day in a play. Back in her college years, however, things weren't always so easy.

Sister Doubled in Class

In 1951, for instance, she had an exciting offer to take part in a one-night television show in New York which

would require her absence from college for two weeks. It was mid-term and seemed impossible until Toby thought of having her sister Ellen, then expecting her first baby, sit through lectures and take notes in her place. Ellen obliged and Toby boarded a plane for New York and a brief but valuable two weeks' experience before the television cameras.

Since May 17, when Measure for Measure went into rehearsal at Stratford, Bill's been making his own meals, eating with relatives or in restaurants. But when the play gets under way on June 28, Toby will be able to get home for a few days every week, since the play shares weekly billing with two other dramas being shown at this year's festival—Sophocles' Oedipus Rex and Shakespeare's comedy, The Taming of the Shrew.

As for the future, Toby is prepared to work hard and wait. Her ambition is the same as that of almost all young actresses—she wants to get a good part in an equally good Broadway show. Playgoers she has delighted over the short span of her bright career see no reason why she shouldn't realize her ambition. +

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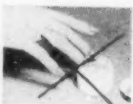
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YOUNG PARENTS



WHAT TO DO FOR SUMMER STINGS AND RASHES

*You'll save your child a lot of misery by knowing
the right way to treat his burns and bites*

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

NOW THAT VACATION time has come your school-age youngsters and even the smallest toddlers will be spending most of their days outdoors and it is quite likely they will pick up at least some of the minor skin irritations and infections that summer brings. A few common-sense precautions will help avoid many of these summer skin troubles, but if any do occur you can relieve much of the discomfort by knowing the proper treatment for each.

Sunburn, I suppose, is the summer skin trouble one thinks of first. A real burn can make an adult feel pretty miserable but a similar dose may cause vomiting and fever in a small child. It's the ultra-violet light in the sun that does the burning and as it is well reflected by water you are most likely to get sunburned on the water or on the shore nearby. For the first week or so at the cottage you'll be wise to put your youngsters in their sunsuits for only a short time each day—say ten minutes the first day, twenty minutes the second and so on until they develop a tan. During the rest of the day most of their skin should be covered. It's also best to have your youngsters wear cotton hats for the first few days, particularly around noon. In fact some authorities think hats should always be worn in the middle of the day when the sun is strong. As you know, fair- or red-haired

children burn more readily than dark-haired ones.

If they do get a slight burn, calamine lotion is soothing in the early stages and cold cream helps later on. A day or more out of the sun will be needed as well. Anointing the skin with cold cream does prevent sunburn to some extent, especially if the cream contains para-aminobenzoic acid or its compounds.

Constant exposure to salt water and sand sometimes causes skin irritation in small children and really it is easier to dust the sand off them more or less regularly than to treat the painful, reddened areas later on. Left to themselves many toddlers would be almost continuously covered with damp sand. Actually it is the sea water, not the sand, that causes the trouble.

Bites and Stings

Numerous mosquito bites can also upset a baby or small child. Netting over his carriage when he is asleep is essential and dabbing calamine lotion or diluted rubbing alcohol on the bites helps to relieve the discomfort. Of course you'll be careful not to get either in his eyes.

Bee stings are really painful and I hope no one in your family meets an angry bee this summer. One little girl I know calls them "hot flies." You do feel as if you'd been punctured by a

red-hot needle. Wild bees, wasps and hornets don't leave their stingers behind, but the honey bee's stinger with the little poison sac attached usually remains in the skin. If you are clumsy in pulling it out with your fingers or with forceps you may force more of the poison into the skin; this hurts like a second sting. It is best therefore to remove the stinger gently with a needle that has been sterilized either by drawing it through a match flame or by boiling it. The easiest way to boil it is to thread the needle and leave the thread hanging out of the saucepan of water for lifting out later.

Dabbing on plenty of rubbing alcohol or mildly alkaline applications like diluted ammonia, baking soda moistened with water, or a moist blue bag makes the spot feel a little better. Rubbing the sting encourages the spread of the poison into the blood and so should be avoided. The best way to kill wasps in a nest is to soak it with DDT.

The venom that an ant deposits in its bite is also acid like the bee's poison, and the same alkaline substances help to relieve the irritation of ant bites.

Prickly Heat or Heat Rash

Babies are most likely to suffer from this and it is caused by overheating. The back of the neck and the upper back are where you see it most frequently, although it can spread over the chest and behind the ears as well. It consists of innumerable tiny red spots, some of them surmounted by minute water blisters. They don't seem to bother the baby to any extent. The most important part of the treatment is to take off a layer or two of his clothing. Dabbing the rash with bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in water, about one teaspoonful to a cup of water, is soothing. Baby powder or cornstarch is good for sprinkling on the rash or you can use calamine lotion.

Healthy babies more than one month of age need very little clothing when it is hot. Often a sleeveless cotton shirt and diaper are about right. On extremely hot days a diaper alone is best. A cotton nightgown with the diaper pinned to it and no covers at all is fine for the early evening in very hot weather, but later in the night a flannel-ette sheet will be needed as the air cools off before morning and the wet diaper has a cooling effect.

Impetigo

This skin trouble is not limited to summer; it can occur in any season. It is due to germs, either staphylococci or streptococci, but more commonly the latter are to blame. It is very infectious and children with it should not go to school. The patient can spread it from one spot to another by rubbing it and he should be warned against this. The washcloth and towels that he uses should be kept by themselves and boiled every day. It is also a good plan to pin a small towel over his pillow slip and change and boil it daily. In fact it is best to boil his sheets and his underclothes every day as well.

Impetigo appears most frequently on the face and hands. At first it looks like a little clump of tiny water blisters but you may miss this stage of it. Then the skin surface of the patch breaks and there is oozing and the formation of honey-colored or light-brown crusts. The skin around is not red and there

is little or no itching. If you suspect your child has impetigo, take him to your doctor right away. With modern treatment it usually clears up quite quickly, but with home remedies it may last for weeks.

Poison Ivy

No one is really immune to poison ivy. If you are exposed to enough of it, for example if you pull it out by the roots, you will almost surely get it. Once you have had it, you will probably have

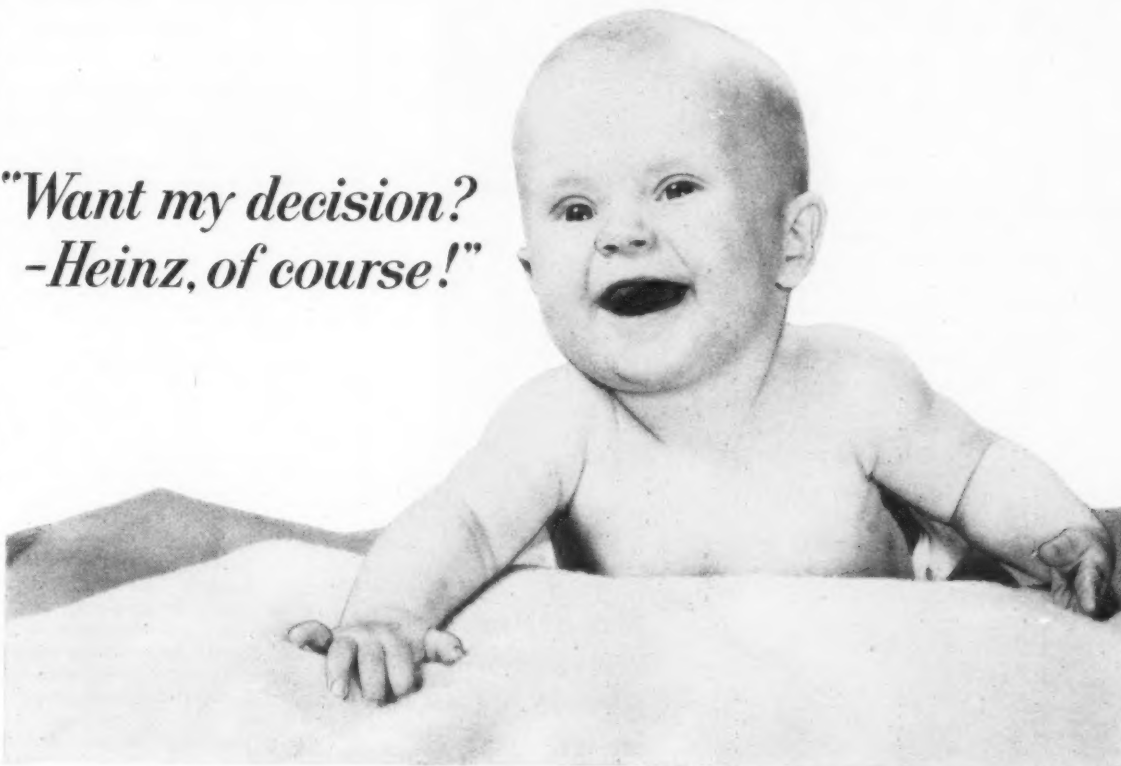
subsequent attacks. Tell your youngsters to look out for it and to keep away from it. Teach them what it looks like: It is a vine, with arrow-shaped leaves grouped in threes and with white berries. Even patting a dog that has run through it, taking off shoes in which a child has walked through a patch, or exposure to smoke from burning poison ivy plants may cause the disease in persons who are especially susceptible. When walking through bush where it may be present, fairly thick socks should be

worn to protect you from unobserved sprigs of it.

If you know your child has been exposed to poison ivy, give him a warm bath as soon as possible and soap him well with laundry soap. Dry him thoroughly and if possible apply rubbing alcohol all over. Then have him change all his clothes. The sooner you can give him the bath the better, but it is effective even two hours after contact with poison ivy.

The first inkling of the trouble may

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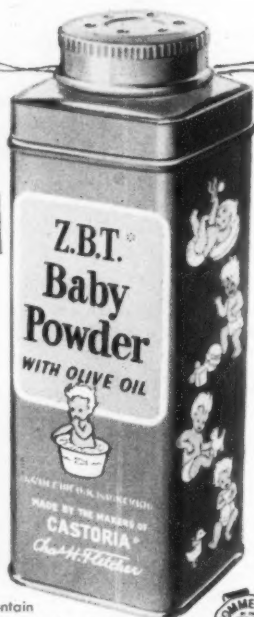


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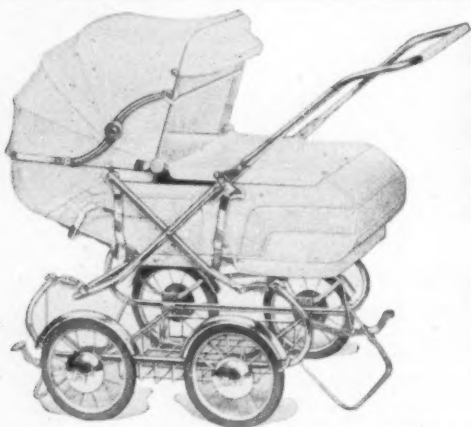


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be a smarting or tingling of the skin which may not come on for a few hours after the exposure. The rash itself consists of closely packed small blisters on a reddened patch of skin. The blisters later break and there is oozing and then crusting. It is commonest on the hands and arms. The child should be warned not to scratch the blisters because in this way he can spread it to other parts of his skin. With a small child it is safest to put a loose gauze

bandage over the patch so that he can't get at it.

Modern methods of treating poison ivy are surprisingly effective and you should take your youngster to your doctor as soon as you discover it. If this is not possible, apply cold compresses for twenty minutes four times a day, followed by calamine lotion. In some areas poison oak or poison sumac cause similar trouble and the same precautions apply to them. +

THE OTHER WOMAN IN HIS LIFE

Continued from page 13

"That's right," Dora looked up at him and then went on with her knitting. "Our clothes budget is used up 'way into the fall and the emergency fund died of exhaustion weeks ago. The budget was your idea, Jim."

He laughed, his eyes moving from the prim figure across the room to the stormy eyes so near his shoulder. "Then it looks as if the budget would have to take another beating. We can't risk having you disgrace the family name by appearing at the dance in your unmentionables."

"Dad, you really are a love . . ." Kathleen's arm tightened about his neck in a smothering grip, and her lips left a faint trail of rosy-red across his cheek. "I saw a darling number at Proctor's this week. Organdie and pink lace . . . absolutely yummy!" She jumped to her feet and the dimple flashed again as she patted his head. "Just wait'll I tell Marjorie, she'll be absolutely green." Her heels beat a joyous tattoo as she danced into the hall and immediately the rhythmic clickity-clickity-click telegraphed the fact that she was calling her best friend.

He glanced across at Dora and she was watching him with a curious intentness that he found oddly discomfiting. What was the matter with her, Jim found himself wondering, didn't she want Kit to have the good things of life?

Her eyes dropped again to the yellow garment that was growing so steadily under her busy fingers. Dora frankly admitted that she hated to knit but she had knitted and purled her way through dozens of like garments these past few years. He almost never saw her with a book.

"Well, after all," he said into the heavy silence, "I don't suppose a new dress will bankrupt us."

"I suppose not," Dora turned her knitting, "at any rate it never has."

Jim bit down on his pipe. "We didn't have the extra things when we were kids. Both of us had to buckle down and learn about making ends meet. That's why I want things to be better for Kit . . ."

"Better?" Dora's dark eyes lifted briefly to his face. "I doubt if Kit has ever enjoyed a new dress as much as I loved my graduation dress. I made it myself—for thirty-two cents a yard." "But times have changed," Jim felt himself bristling. "I don't want her to have to cut corners. She's just a kid, let her enjoy herself. She'll grow up soon enough."

Dora smiled faintly. "She's seventeen, Jim. Almost exactly the age I was when I married you."

Jim took refuge behind his paper feeling strangely baffled.

Kit came in and dropped down in her favorite chair. "Marjorie makes me tired," she announced listlessly. "All she can talk about is that silly job of hers. How boring can you get?"

Jim smiled at her, lowering his newspaper. "You mean she wasn't impressed by the yummy organdie-pink lace number?"

Kit squirmed to a more comfortable position. "Nope. Just sour grapes I guess." But there was a pensive look in her eyes that Jim found disturbing. He hoped there wasn't going to be any more discussion about Kit taking a job like Marjorie's. He didn't want her standing on her feet in a department store all day, even if it was just for the summer.

The raucous sound of an automobile horn blasted the quiet and the girl jerked erect. "Jeepers, that's Bill. He asked me to go down to Sanderlin's for a soda. Is it okay, Mom?"

"I suppose so, but be in early. And you'd better take your jacket . . . it's turned chilly again."

"Thanks, angel." She waved a gay good-by to both of them. The horn bleated again as Kit let herself out the front door and Jim stirred impatiently. "Does he have to make that infernal racket?"

Dora pursed her lips. "Bill's just a kid," she reminded him. "He'll grow up soon enough."

Jim glanced at her suspiciously but the dark head was once again tipped forward over her work. Feeling unreasonably irritated Jim returned to his paper.

From time to time, as the evening wore on, his eyes were drawn back to the quiet figure opposite. He found himself noticing, with the dispassionate regard of a stranger, the little furrow between her brows, the brushing of grey at her temples, the pensive way she chewed her underlip as she counted stitches. There was a neatly mended run in one of her nylons. When they were first married Dora had chosen bare legs in preference to mended stockings—there was nothing in the world as mournful as a mended run, she had assured him. Funny that he should remember that tonight.

He tossed aside his paper. "How about a game of pinocle?"

She looked up smiling. "Fine, you get the deck and pad out of the desk drawer while I put this junk away." She was folding the half-finished garment as she spoke.

Jim peered at it. "Another sweater for Kit?"

"Yes. One of her birthday presents. I got her a swing skirt to go with it." For just a moment a shadow touched her face . . . then she was smiling again.

It seemed like the wrong moment to suggest that they might be able to manage the expensive luggage that Kit had been hinting for.

They played for a while in absorbed silence, the radio supplying a muted background to the slap-slap-slap of the cards.

"Did you hear about the Taylors?" Dora asked at last, very intent on shuffling and dealing the pack.

"What about them?"

"They're getting a divorce."

Jim whistled his surprise. "After twenty years?"

"Seventeen, to be exact. Mildred says she thought about it for a long time before bringing suit. There's another woman . . ."

Jim stared at her. "Fred TAYLOR? Why, Good Lord, Fred must be crowding fifty!"

"Just about." Dora picked up her hand and studied it. "Well . . . anyway . . . they're getting a divorce."

Jim shook his head from side to side. "I don't get it. Fred must be off his rocker." Jim looked at his cards and then back at his wife. "Is Fred actually going to marry this other woman? Not that I ever considered Mildred Taylor much of a bargain but still . . ." he broke off uneasily. "How's Mildred taking it, by the way?"

"Very well. I think she's relieved now that the step has been taken. She was unhappy for such a long time."

"She never acted like it," Jim protested.

"I know. Women have a curious kind of pride that won't let them show the big hurts." Dora put down a black queen and the red jack, looked up gravely. "The little hurts they can nag about—the ones that aren't really important, but the big hurts have to be pretty well camouflaged. Once she had accepted the fact that she no longer came first with Fred—" Dora shrugged—"I guess she knew there was no point in prolonging it."

Jim looked at her, a baffled expression on his face. "But this other thing will probably blow over in a few months. Fred's just kicking up his heels. Lots of men go through something like this—second-childhood growing pains. Mildred ought to know by this time that he loves her . . ."

"I expect that depends on what you mean by love. Maybe Fred's brand wasn't quite enough."

"You sound . . ." Jim spoke slowly, "you sound as if you approve."

"I never approve of divorce—except as a last resort." She put down the rest of her run and reached over to mark her meld on the score pad.

They finished the game in silence. Feeling strangely unnerved Jim got up and went to the window. "It's ten o'clock. What do you suppose is keeping those kids?"

Dora gathered up the cards slowly. "Time doesn't mean much at that age."

Jim pushed the curtain aside and peered out into the street. "They've had time for a dozen sodas." He turned his head and looked at her accusingly. "I don't think it's wise to let her spend so much of her time with one boy. After all, what do we know about Bill?"

Dora looked up. "What do you want to know about him? He's been underfoot ever since he and Kit started to kindergarten."

"Just the same Kit's too young to

spend all her time with one fellow." He jammed his pipe into his mouth and bit down on the stem. "Maybe we ought to try to swing it so she can go to that Miss Whoozit's school next year. Get her mind off Bill; give her some other interests."

Dora was packing the cards into their case. "Do you have any idea," she asked mildly, "what it would cost to send Kathleen to Miss Shelby's?"

Jim scowled at the rug. "Sure, sure, I know it costs dough. Everything does,

but this would be worth whatever it cost and we could just cut down somewhere else . . ."

"Where?"

"How do I know? You handle the money." He gave her a wounded look. "I always turn my pay cheque over to you, don't I?"

"Yes, Jim, you do. That is . . . you always have." She closed the pinochle pad with a firm little snap. "But I'm just a little weary of trying to squeeze an extra dime from every dollar. From

now on you can handle the . . . the damn budget . . ."

Jim scratched his head. "I certainly wish I knew what's gotten into you, Dora. Flying off the handle just because—"

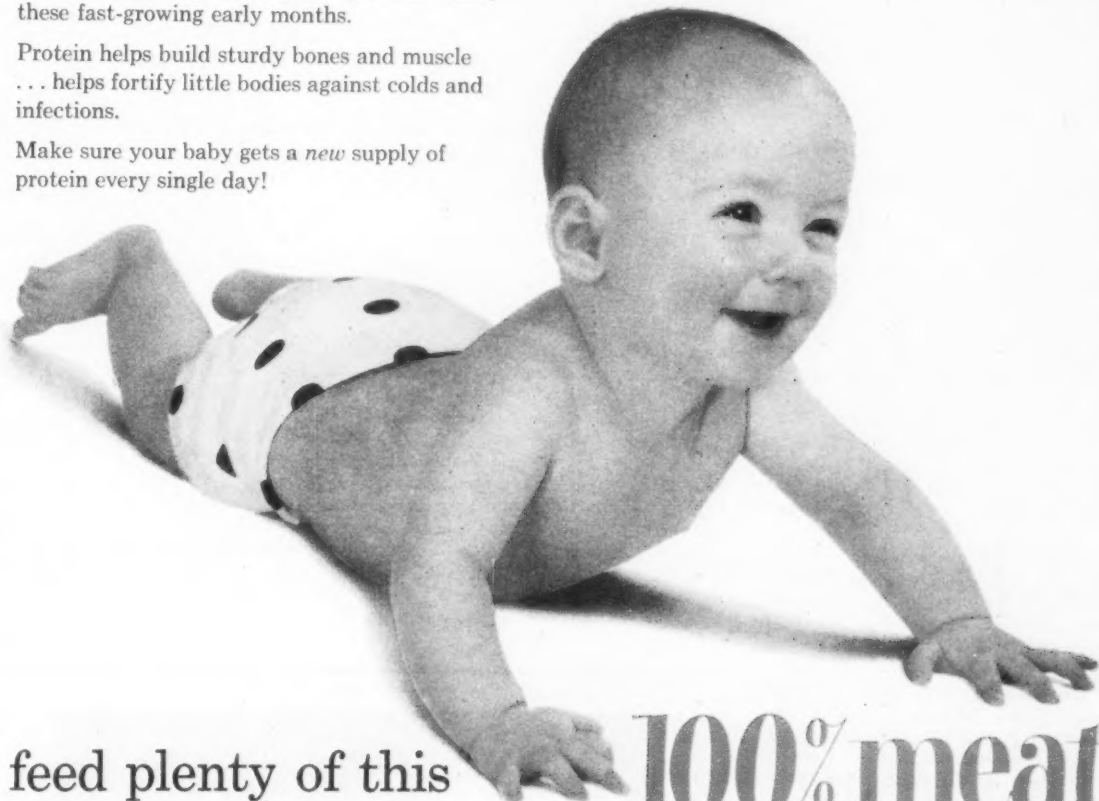
"I'm not flying off the handle." There were angry flaps of color in Dora's cheeks but her voice was carefully expressionless. She opened the desk drawer and withdrew a businesslike ledger. "Here you are, Jim. Maybe you can look through this and find where the money

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is coming from that's to support Kathleen's private finishing school. Don't expect to find anything under the vacation fund, though. You remember the vacation fund, don't you Jim?"

Her husband stared at her. He hadn't seen Dora stand up so straight in a long time, and her brown eyes were fairly shooting sparks as she thrust the budget book into his nerveless hands.

"Four or five times we've had over a hundred dollars in the vacation fund," she went on in the same tight voice. "The first time was when we found out we were going to have Kit . . . and then the next time there were ballet lessons and a private kindergarten—"

"We agreed on the kindergarten," he reminded her. "We thought she ought to get used to being with other children."

Something crumpled in Dora's face. "I'm sorry about that Jim. I wish we might have had a dozen children."

"Nonsense," Jim spoke with false heartiness. "Kit's worth twenty ordinary children."

She refused to answer the smile. "I wasn't thinking of us but of Kit. It's too bad she had to miss the fun of being an ordinary child." She nodded her head again toward the ledger. "We really couldn't afford to have her teeth straightened the year she was twelve, but we managed it . . . somehow. We couldn't afford the dancing course either, the year she started to high school, but it must have been a good investment because Kit's the only one in her crowd who can do fourteen steps to the samba." She turned toward the hall and flung a final remark over her shoulder. "And don't strain your eyes looking under luxuries, either—I've been trying to squeeze out five-fifty for a permanent since January."

Jim stood looking down at the book in his hands as she marched out into the hall and up the stairs. He took a step after her just as the noisy clank and rattle heralded the approach of Bill's old car.

They didn't come into the house immediately. Necking, Jim suspected, or did they call it smooching nowadays? A kid like Kathleen . . . barely seventeen . . . Dora ought to have sense enough to put her foot down.

He started toward the door and then stopped. He'd feel like a fool barging out there and pulling the heavy father act. He'd always left the discipline to Dora. He looked down again at the ledger in his hands.

He'd seen it hundreds of times—or one like it.

Funny that looking at it now should make him recall that other, much younger Dora. That it should conjure up a picture of her sitting at the kitchen table, one slim leg curled childishly about a chair rung, chewing a pencil and working with her budget.

"I hate figures . . . I never got better than C in arithmetic, but so help me I'll learn to balance this thing if it kills me."

During those first years they had gone over the accounts together, juggling items from one column to another. "Jim, do you suppose it'll be all right if we sneak the newspaper into the Education column. Poor little Miscellaneous is flat on its back with its heels in the air, again . . ."

It was amazing the fun they'd had

with that first budget. Jim wondered fleetingly if Dora might have kept it, and the dozen subsequent budget ledgers. There had been the column marked "Project B" when they were expecting Kit.

It could almost read like a diary . . . Diary of a Marriage.

He was still turning the pages when Kit entered the house half an hour later.

"Oh, hi," she looked a little startled to see him. "Where's Mom?"

"She went to bed." For the first time he watched the dimple play hide-and-seek with her smile and didn't feel his heart dissolve with tenderness. "Your lipstick is smeared," he said. "Better wipe it off."

She brushed at her mouth and was turning toward the stairs when Jim's voice stopped her. "Come in here a minute, Kit. I want to have a serious talk with you."

She retraced her steps slowly, almost mutinously. "Not about the birds and the bees I hope." Her flippant words didn't quite dismiss the rebellion in her eyes.

"This is the budget book, Kit. Have you seen it before?"

"Oh now, DAD—don't you start yapping about the dear old budget. I get enough of that from Mother."

"It makes pretty interesting reading," he told her gravely. "Of course you have to fill in between the lines here and there." He flipped a page and ran his finger down a column of figures. "It says here that you got a new dress just four months ago—a formal—and it cost thirty-nine dollars." He looked up and grinned. "What's wrong with that dress for the dance?"

Encouraged by the grin she made a little face at him. "Dad, you must be kidding. That old rag . . . why, everyone's seen it at least a dozen times."

"In four months?" She shrugged. "Well, anyway . . . everyone's seen it."

"I see." He reached out and rumbled

her hair, twined a loose curl experimentally around one finger. "Is this the permanent that cost twelve-fifty?"

"Yes." Her tone was sulky.

"Hmmm. Do you know what your mother pays for her permanents? Five-fifty—it says so in here—and in the past three years she hasn't paid as much as thirty-nine dollars for a dress."

Kit looked at him with genuine perplexity in her eyes. "But she never goes anywhere. And anyway she handles all the money—she could buy new clothes if she wanted them."

Jim closed the book with a little slap. "That's the argument I've been giving myself too, Kit." He tossed the ledger toward the desk and smiled at his daughter. "Once . . . oh, years ago, your mother and I both decided what would represent the height of luxury to each of us. I thought a cabin cruiser might do the trick . . . you know what your mother wanted? A dozen pairs of silk stockings—all at once." Kathleen waited, her eyes puzzled. "I want you to forget about that new dress, Kit. Not just because we can't afford it but because it represents . . . because it means . . ." he floundered for a moment and then threw out his hands. "Call it . . . for the principle of the thing. Okay?"

She looked at him soberly and for the first time Jim realized that Kit was as old as Dora had been when he married her. Her eyes were Dora's as she nodded. "I could wear the blue one—"

"There's something else, something I haven't even told your mother. I have a bonus cheque coming—a fat one—and I'm going to take her on a little vacation. Just the two of us. Right away. You'll stay with Aunt Caroline and no matter how much you hate the idea you'll pretend to like it."

The bewilderment in Kit's eyes was supplanted by a vague alarm. "Look . . . there isn't anything the matter . . . with Mom, I mean? She isn't . . . isn't sick?"

He thought about that for such a long time that silence ticked in the stillness of the house. How long had it been since he had come in to find Dora singing at her work? How long since they had sneaked off to a movie together? How long since she had squandered fifty cents for a bunch of violets to dress up the kitchen table. Nonsense is necessary, she had assured him in the early days of their marriage, let's always be able to afford a "Foolishness" fund, Jim . . .

And he remembered her voice saying something else.

"I expect that depends on what you mean by love," she had said tonight. "Women have a curious kind of pride that won't let them show the big hurts." And . . . "I never approve of divorce, except as a last resort." And what had she said about Mildred Taylor? "Once Mildred realized that she didn't come first with Fred . . ."

But Dora knew she came first with him. Didn't she . . . DIDN'T SHE . . . ?

Kathleen's voice stabbed at him again, with that new note of mature anxiety. "Mom's all right, isn't she?"

"Not sick. At least . . . nothing that a real vacation can't cure. And a dozen pairs of nylons . . . and violets on the breakfast table. She was a little upset about the Taylors' divorce, I think."

"The Taylors . . . ?" Kit's face cleared suddenly. "Oh, that. But, gosh, Daddy, surely Mother knows that she doesn't have to worry about anything like that. Anyone can see that you're the faithful type . . ."

Jim was smiling as he mounted the steps and hurried into the bedroom. Dora looked up and then went on brushing her hair with quick even strokes. He closed the door and leaned against it.

"I just informed your daughter that she couldn't have that new dress," he told her. "If she wants a lot of fancy duds she can get out and rustle for them like we did. She can get a job like her friend Marjorie." He came over and stood behind her, pressed his hands down on her shoulders. "You and I are going to have a little vacation. Do us both good. I've got a bonus coming . . ."

"Oh, good . . . then maybe we can afford that luggage—" Her eyes widened in surprise as he put his hand firmly over her mouth.

"No you don't," he interrupted grimly. "This is the first time we've ever had five hundred dollars in our Foolishness fund and it goes for nothing but foolishness. A present from us to us." He leaned over and kissed the tip of her nose gravely. "With love."

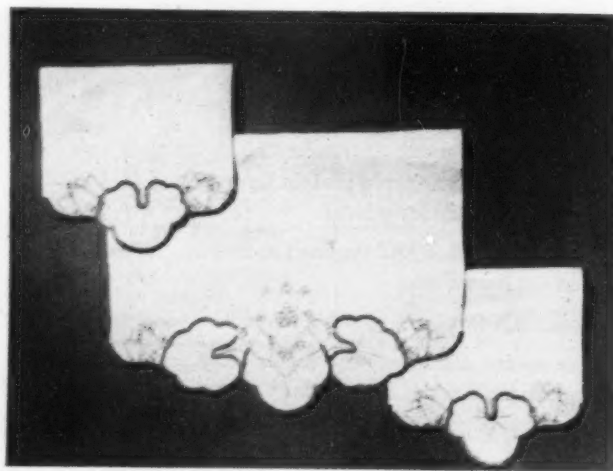
She smiled but he could see that she didn't really believe it—anyway, not yet. "What did Kit say," she prompted, "when you told her about the dress?"

Jim chewed the inside of his lip thoughtfully. "She didn't say much. I guess she was surprised."

"I should imagine," Dora said dryly. She replaced the hairbrush on the dressing table and looked up at him. "What did you tell her?"

He chuckled and his fingers tightened on her shoulders.

"Honey, I just told her what I should have told her years ago." He met the warm dark eyes in the mirror and nodded solemnly. "I told her that there was another woman in my life." +



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